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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

RUFUS A. JOHNSON, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1840. NO. 1008.---VOL. XIX.—NO. 4.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

THE FARM SCHOOL.

To the Children who read the Register.

My Young Friends,—I wish to give you now an account of an island which I visited a few weeks since. Perhaps some of you have been upon it, but most of you probably have never seen it, and some, I suppose, have never heard of it. This island is not very large, the distance around it being I think not more than a mile and a half or two miles. It is only a few miles from Boston, and can be very well seen from some parts of the city. There are upon the island but two dwelling houses, with their barns. One of the houses is quite small and looks like a farm house. The other house is large, and stands upon a high rise of ground. It is made of brick, painted white, and looks pretily from a distance. It is not surrounded by trees, for the island seems to be too bleak and exposed to the winds to permit trees to grow well upon it. There are a few small trees in front of the house, but when the storms from the ocean sweep over them, it seems as if every blast would tear them from the ground. There are however a few fruit trees near the small house, which is in a more sheltered part of the island.

On most islands, no larger than this, there are but very few persons, but here many live, and, what perhaps will seem strange to you, most of them are boys. Some of the boys are thirteen or fourteen years of age, and some are only six or seven. Their fathers and mothers do not live with them.

Perhaps you will wonder what these boys do upon the island. They are very busy most of the time. In the spring and summer and fall, they work in the garden and on the farm. Many of them have little gardens of their own, where they can cultivate flowers. They have plenty of time for playing and plenty of room, having nearly the whole island for a play ground. In the winter they go to school, and are instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, &c. On Sundays they have preaching in their school-room, and a Sunday school, when they recite their Bible lessons, and have library books given them during the week. At present, they have for an hour every evening except Sunday, a singing school.

The boys all sleep in the same room, a large hall, where each one has his little bed which he makes up himself. They all eat together also, and it is quite a pleasant sight to see them come in to their meals, and take their places in order. Then a blessing is asked from their Heavenly Father, after which all go to work in earnest, for they have good appetites. They are strong, healthy boys, and, having plenty of play room and play time, they relish their food much.

Now, children, how do you think it happens that all these boys, there are sixty of them, are on this island away from their parents? Some of them have no parents, some have a mother but no father, others a father but no mother, and some have both father and mother. And you will ask perhaps why those who have parents, do not live with them? Some of these parents are poor, and are not able to earn money enough to support their children. Others are able to support their children, but cannot live happily with them on account of their disobedience, and have therefore sent them to this island, in hopes that they will become better. But the boys are not all disobedient children, some have no parents to disobey, and others have *bad* parents, and have been placed by kind friends upon the island to be away from the influence of their own fathers and mothers. Is not that sad? You perhaps can hardly realize it. Look round upon *your* parents, who are so kind to you and have done so much for your good, and does it not seem impossible that any parents can be profane and intemperate and dishonest? But unfortunately there are many such. Some of the boys whose parents are good, yet have bad companions at home, from whom they have learned many evil ways. These boys have been removed from their companions and sent to the island, where they enjoy excellent instruction and are under good religious influences. The boys remain different lengths of time at the school, some but a few months, and others several years. Some have their board paid by their parents, and they can be taken home when it seems fit to their fathers and mothers. But the others whose board is not paid, but who are supported without any expense to their parents, and this is the case with by far the greater number, are kept generally for a long time. At least till they are fitted to go to live upon a farm or to learn some trade. A great many boys from the island have been bound out in different parts of the state, and have almost all by their conduct given perfect satisfaction to their employers. Think now how different their situation might have been, if they had been permitted to wander in the streets with their bad companions. Some would have learned to steal and to do many other wrong deeds, and instead of becoming good, useful men, would have been an injury to society.

I was at this island during one of the dreadful storms which we had a few weeks since, and as the winds howled round the building and the waves dashed upon the beach, I felt deep joy for the situation of the boys. There they sat in their school room, reading or listening to the words of their teacher, safe from the storm which was raging around them, and, what was better still, safe from the more dreadful storms of temptation and sin to which many of them would have been exposed at home.

You, children, are safe at your own homes. Temptation does not lie in wait for you at every step. You have parents and kind friends around you, to teach you by their example as well as by their words. Be grateful to them and for them, and show your gratitude by affection and kindness, and obedience to that good Being who has raised up those friends for you. Be thankful too that in his goodness and love, He has caused good men to establish this excellent institution for His less favored children. I have told you about this school, in order that you might feel an interest in it. Perhaps many of you will never visit the island, but some of you may. You are growing up to be men and women, and in a few years you may be able in various ways to assist this and other good institutions. At any rate you can assist it now and always by your prayers.

The island has no beautiful fairy name, but is called Thompson's Island, and the school is named the 'Farm school.' You have often, I suppose, delighted to read of fairy islands, where all things are changed by magic into gold or diamonds. But how much more interesting is this island, where poor, unfortunate children are made virtuous, useful and happy.

H. H. J.

For the Register and Observer.

WHO IS THE GOOD PREACHER?

Although the character of a sermon is somewhat affected by the peculiar tenets of the writer, still good preaching does not so much depend upon these, as upon the preacher himself.

If a man had never heard of the doctrines which have agitated and severed the Christian church, we should probably still find him attending this or that place of worship, not on account of the doctrines which distinguish one denomination from another, of which he is supposed to be ignorant, but because he likes to hear best this or that preacher.

There is a great difference in the manner, in which different clergymen preach, and in the topics of their discourses. Some seem to have caught more of the spirit of their Master than others, and preach more earnestly, more directly to the hearts of their people. Some are satisfied with deliberate treatises upon certain passages of scripture, to unfold which skilfully and rhetorically seems to be their chief aim. Such seldom reach the heart, seldom urge the claims of personal piety.

These different kinds of preaching are suited to different dispositions; and there is almost always a similitude between the congregation and their minister. Hence, the old saying, 'Tell me who your minister is, and I will tell you who you are.' As the same kind of food will not equally well nourish all bodies, and promote their highest physical good, neither will the same kind of preaching suit all minds alike, and promote their highest spiritual good. Hence the solemn duty imposed upon every Christian, to seek that kind of preaching, which he humbly believes contributes most to his religious improvement. He who gives him such preaching, is to him a good preacher.

But who does the truly religious man call a good preacher? Certainly not him who can and does write the most finished sermons. He does not conceive that the object of preaching is to please the imagination, or address only the intellect of men; and therefore he goes not to church, to bow submissively before the eminent genius, the superior talents of his minister. He has no disposition to hear such productions, that will call forth the too common tributes of praise, 'That was a masterly piece of composition;' 'That was most splendidly and ingeniously put together!' No. He goes to church to worship God, and not his preacher. He goes to have his heart warmed with fresh love toward his Maker—to receive fresh impulse to keep in the path of religious duty, during the coming week. He therefore calls him a good preacher, who excites his religious feelings, who arouses him to a sense of his situation, and who points out to him the manner of person, he ought to be of, in holiness of life and conversation with men. If he weekly hears such a sincere and devoted minister of Christ, who speaketh good things out of the abundance of his heart, how much is he assisted in spiritual progress! How incalculable are the benefits which he derives from the services of the sanctuary!

Let him therefore, who desires to live a good life, who is thirsting after righteousness, soberly reflect, whether he has found the good preacher. If he has, let him not be unmindful of his great privileges. If he has not, let him seek, till he has found him. Eternal interests depend upon his decisions.

B. G. W.

A LETTER OF CALVIN.

Written three hundred years ago, on the treatment due to Ministers.

[Translated for the Christian Watchman.]

In the year 1538, Calvin was banished by the Senate of Geneva, for his unyielding fidelity in church discipline. Other preachers, more pliant, were appointed, but the pious members of the church were unwilling to receive them. Calvin, then in Strasburg, remonstrated with his friends in the following letter, bearing date of June 25, 1539.

'First of all, lay aside all personal feeling, and consider the dignity of the office, of those to whom God has committed the promulgation of his Word. He not only requires us to listen with fear and trembling when his Word is proclaimed, but to honor and respect his ministers whom he has commissioned as his ambassadors, and whom he would have us recognize as his angels. If these suggestions meet your views, you will adopt it as a fixed prinoiple, that those whose office it is to preach the gospel to you, and who have the care of your souls, are to be received as holding a parental relation to you, and are to be honored on account of the office divinely conferred upon them.

It is not my design to take from you the right which God has given to you, and to all his people, the right of subjecting every preacher to an examination, in order to distinguish between the true and the false, and to be able to exclude those who, under the appearance of shepherds, are but prowling wolves. I only desire that you should conduct in a Christian manner towards such as do, in some good measure, fill the place of preachers; and consider rather what you owe to them, than what they owe to you. I concede that we ought to be satisfied that the minister discharges his duties, and I would be far from introducing any kind of despotism into the church. But as I hear that our brethren who are your appointed preachers, do preach the gospel, I see not how you can justify yourselves before God in disregarding or rejecting them.

If you hear one and another say, 'I dislike this thing in their preaching, and that thing in their manners,' I beg you in Christ's name, to consider the nature of this procedure. For if the law of love requires of us that we do not censure our neighbor for slight causes, but that we be as mild and as favorable as possible in our judgment, how much more ought we to guard against trifling with the character of those who are set over us in the Lord! If there be anything exceptionable in their deportment (of which I am not able to judge,) you should remember that there is no person in the world who has not his faults.

I exhort and entreat you, therefore, that you turn away your thoughts from these men, and direct them to your Redeemer, and reflect upon his commands. If you contend with your ministers so that bickerings and criminations ensue, as I hear, their office, which should be honored, and should honor Christ, is disgraced. Beware lest ye contend against God, while you think you are only disregarding man. Do not imagine that it is a small thing to create feuds and parties in a church; it is a sin of such magnitude, that we ought to shudder at the thought.

Finally, if you regard me as a brother, if the bond of brotherly love unites us, be entreated not to reject these preachers, whose appointment I myself have recognized, but receive them to your own profiting and edification.'

JEWS AT JEERUSALEM.

A missionary writing from Jerusalem, says:

As you are already aware, from my first letter, I arrived here at the time when the plague was just beginning to abate the rigor with which it had been raging here for some time previously. Nearly three weeks, therefore, passed away before I commenced my missionary labor, but then I was fully occupied several weeks, during which I had many controversies with some of the most learned Jews here, and concluded by a public controversy in one of their synagogues. Soon after this, however, an excommunication was promulgated in all the synagogues, cutting off from their communication every Jew that should hold any intercourse with me. But here I must observe that a very respectable Jew took great pains to assure me, before the excommunication was proclaimed, but after it had been resolved upon, that this arises from no ill feeling towards me personally, but they considered it a duty they owed to their religion, in the spite of friendship and every other consideration; and here I may also add, that all my controversies, both public and private, were carried on in the most becoming spirit, without any thing like strife or bitterness.

Now in Jerusalem, you must know, an excommunication, in a case like the present, has both a double incentive to issue it, and a double incentive to regard it. The first was common to all Jews' prejudices; and second, their very existence depends on their Judaism. The Jews here have neither trade nor profession, but live entirely on the free contributions of their benevolent brethren abroad; and these contributions are tendered entirely on the supposition that the Jews here are peculiary devout, and the most assiduous in their meritorious study of the Talmud. As a collective body, they are, therefore, bound to preserve their reputation; and as individuals, it is the only means of subsistence they have, or could have. One thing more, the number of Jews here is nothing like what you think in England. Mr Nicolayson thinks it is, in all, 5,000, and this is the highest number I have heard yet. But some of the Jews told me that the number of souls does not exceed half this number. Nor are the number of those that annually come here so great, and they are barely or scarcely sufficient to make up for the ravages that the periodical visitations of earthquake, plague, &c., make among them. A Jew told me, he had now been four years here, and the greater number of the Jews he then found here are now no more, while the majority of the present are new comers.

This is an affecting statement respecting the Jewish population, entire generations of which seem to be cut down by pestilence, earthquake, or the sword, in the space of a very few years. A considerable accession of new comers must be required to keep up the number, and continual changes must spread amongst the Jews throughout the world the knowledge of what is doing at Jerusalem. It is well known that the Jews are in the habit of studiously concealing their real numbers.

Amongst the rest of my controversialists, there was a young Talmudist, reputed for his sound mind and piety, who after my controvesy with him, was not indeed converted, but firmly convinced that he had spent his whole life in a most awful and absurd delusion, and requested me to read the Prophets together with him; and from this time he at once gave up all his other studies, and spent almost his whole time with me. This began to ferment amongst the Jews; signs of persecution, too, began to show themselves, till it came so far, that he considered himself in danger at his own house, and I was obliged to afford him a few nights' lodging in my house. By that time we had read about twenty chapters of Isaiah, the whole of St. Matthew's Gospel, &c., and he had the most confirmed conviction of the truth of Chiistianity, and I am sure a good work had begun in his heart, which his fervent spirit easily manifested, and he declared himself ready to encounter any thing, though by natnre he is rather of a sedate and solemn turn of mind. What brought the matter to a crisis was, that he thought himself no longer justified, and actually declined, but all in a humble, Christian spirit, to discharge those duties, which, as master of the house, devolved upon him. This happened on a Friday night, after I had just pointed out to him several instances wherein Jews tell God, in solemn language, that He had commanded them things which He has not commanded, and thus made themselves guilty, in a manner that has scarcely a parallel. The Saturday and Sunday following, Jerusalem was turned almost upside down, and on Monday the chief rabbi sent for me. I immediately obeyed his summons, and went to him, together with Joseph (for that is the name of our friend) and Levi. Several very sharp contests took place, which lasted the best part of the day. Joseph they succeeded in separating from me, and, with a select number of Jews, were locked up in a room by themselves, while I and Levi, with the rest were in the adjoining synagogue. Joseph avowed his faith in the Lord, and stood his ground remarkably well; while my chief object was to attest the truth, and allay, if possible, their excited feelings. The whole ended in the triumph of truth over error; and God's holy name be praised. I am enabled to say, the gospel has been faithfully preached to the Jews, as a body in Jerusalem; they all know what it professes to be, and have many proofs that they cannot refute. But this led to the unpleasant, but unavoidable conclusion, that Joseph must instantly divorce his wife. My utmost attempts to prevent this were in vain; they would not even postpone it in the hope of a change of mind on the part of the husband, who was very averse to it; and even his wife was only led to demand the divorce by over-persuasion, and, I fear, against her will, though she is now already engaged again to another man. The divorce took place two days after, and then followed the excommunication. The Jews, however, would not give up Joseph yet; and now commenced a kind of manœuvre that he could stand less than all that was hitherto resorted to. He, of course, disregarded their excommunication, and continued coming to me for instruction, &c., but never hinted that he wanted a penny from me. In spite of this, however, they began so to load him with kindness and entreaties, that it quite unmaned him. One whole night, while his heart yet smarted from his divorce, and he was almost surfeited with sorrow, he told me, fathers and mothers, some of his best friends, came around him with their children in their arms or leading them by their hands, telling him he should rather take a knife and kill them at once, than take such a step, which must inevitably, as they thought, have the effect of depriving them of every further support from abroad, or a great part it, at least; and this was so small already, that it could scarcely support them; for if the rumor were once abroad that the Jews here embrace Christianity, nothing would be left them but absolute starvation. And when he pleaded his duty towards God, &c., they told him that he ought to be ready to sacrifice even that too, in consideration of the well-being of so many, and he was almost ready to say with the apostle, though in a somewhat different sense, 'I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh.' I have only room to add, that he has remained a witness to the truth as it is in Jesus, in the midst of the Jews where he yet lives; but I cannot persuade him to stay in Jerusalem, and he is now on the point of leaving for Constantinople, with letters from us to the missionaries there, where he wishes to embrace Christianity.—*Jewish Int.*

BENEVOLENCE OF BRITISH CHRISTIANS.

The Missionary Herald, for November, exhibits various interesting particulars, collected 'from the London Missionary Register, for May—relative to the Annual Meetings, and the receipts and expenditures of the principal Religious and Benevolent Societies, which are organized and conducted in that metropolis.' In order to add a little to the influences already in operation, prompting our Connexion to take an active part in the generous and glorious enterprises in which Christians are now so widely and successfully engaged, we have prepared the following table, from the records in the Herald, showing, in part at least, the extent to which the pious in Great Britain sanctify their means to the glory of God and the welfare of the world.

Institutions.	*Receipts.* £.	s.	d.	*Payments.* £.	s.	d.
British and Foreign Bible Society.	105,255	2	11	106,590	6	4
Wesleyan Miss. Society,	84,818	12	2	100,077	0	0
Church Miss. Society,	72,031	6	1	91,453	9	1
London Miss. Society,	65,490	10	5	75,855	17	11
Religious Tract Society,	60,843	2	9	61,011	2	8
Baptist Miss. Society,	22,416	1	11	20,622	18	11
Jews' Society,	16,720	13	8	17,264	18	5
Hibernian Society,	11,702	8	8	11,697	3	9
Sunday School Union,	9,469	16	11	9,700	18	3
Church of Scotland Miss'ns	6,000	0	0			
Br. & For. School Society,	5,234	3	1	5,205	19	3
London City Mission,	4,820	8	5	4,323	15	1
London Assoc'tion—United Brethren,	4,335	13	1	4,335	13	1
Naval & Milit. Bible Soc.	2,804	0	3	2,827	15	6
European Miss. Society,	1,390	10	0	1,753	13	11
	473,332	10	4	512,689	12	2

From this table, it appears, that these societies received, during the year, more than Two millions, one hundred thousand dollars, and expended nearly two millions, three hundred thousand. To all this might be added more than another million, from the Methodists alone, at their great Centenary Meetings.

If convenient, we will at some future time present similar American Statistics.—*Letter Press.*

TRUTH.

Truth has been eloquently described by N. Breton, who wrote in 1616:

'Truth is the glory of Time, and the daughter of Eternity, a title of the highest grace, and a note of divine nature; she is the life of religion, the light of love, the grace of wit and the crown of wisdom, she is the beauty of valor, the brightness of honor, the blessing of reason, and the joy of faith: her truth is pure gold, her time is right precious, her word is most gracious, and her will is most glorious, her essence is in God, and her dwelling with His servants, her will is in His wisdom, and her work to His glory, she is honored in love and graced in constancy; in patience admired, and in charity beloved: she is the angel's worship, the virgin's fame; the saint's bliss, and the martyr's crown; she is the king's greatness, his council's goodness, his subject's peace, and his kingdom's praise; she is the life of learning, and the light of the law; the honor of trade, and the grace of labor: she hath a pure eye, a plain hand, piercing wit, and a perfect heart; she is wisdom's walk in the way of holiness, and takes her rest but in the resolution of goodness; her tongue never trips, her heart never faints; her hand never fails, and her faith never fears; her church is without schism, her city without fraud, her court without vanity, and her kingdom without villany. In sum, so infinite is her excellence in the construction of all sense, that I will thus only conclude the wonder of her worth, —she is the nature of perfection in the perfection of nature, where God in Christ shows the glory of Christianity.

CHARACTER OF MARTIN LUTHER.

Martin Luther's life was a continual warfare; he was engaged against the united forces of the Papal world; and he stood the shock of them bravely, both with courage and success. After his death, one would have expected, that generous adversaries should have put up their pens and quitted, at least, so much of the quarrel as was personal: but, on the contrary, when his doctrines grew too strong to be shook by his enemies, they persecuted his reputation; and, by the venom of their tongues, sufficiently convinced the world that the religion they were of, not only allowed prayers for the dead, but even curses too. He was a man certainly of high endowment of mind, and great virtues: he had a vast understanding, which raised him up to a pitch of learning unknown to the age he lived in; his knowledge in Scripture was admirable, —his elocution manly,—and his way of reasoning, with all the subtilty that those honest, plain truths he delivered would bear; his thoughts were bent always on great designs; and he had a resolution fitted to go through with them. The assurance of his mind was not to be shook nor surprised; and that boldness of speech of his before the Diet at Worms, was such as might have become the days of the apostles. His life was holy; and, when he had leisure for retirement, severe: his virtues active chiefly, and humilitical; not those lazy, sullen one of the cloisters. He had no ambition but in the service of God; for other things, neither his enjoyment nor wishes ever went higher than the bare conveniences of living; he was of a temper particularly averse to covetousness, or any base sin; and charitable even to a fault, without respect to his own occasions. If among this crowd of virtues a failing crept in, we must remember that an apostle himself has not been irreproachable; if, in the body of his doctrine, one flaw is to be seen; yet the greatest lights of the church, and the purest times of it, were, we know, not exact in all their opinions. Upon the whole, we have certainly great reason to break out in the phrase of the prophet, and say, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings.'—*Bishop Atterbury.*

For the Register and Observer.

LETTER FROM MR HUNTINGTON.

Hartford, Sept. 2, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Leaving Buffalo on Monday morning, by the rail-way car for the Falls, I spent two or three hours looking about there, on both sides of the river; and then went on to Lewiston, where I took the steamboat for Oswego, at which place we arrived the next morning in season for breakfast. Thence, a canal-boat took us to Syracuse in seven hours. There we ascended a rail-way car, and were whirled to Utica to supper. Impatient to reach New England, I took the nightly train, and arrived in Albany in time for breakfast at the Mansion House, the next morning. Taking a steamboat in the course of the day, the next morning I was landed at New York. I had my baggage put on board the Charter Oak, a steamer which was to sail for this place in the afternoon. Being otherwise engaged until the last hour, I then set out on foot to take a passing look at Mr Dewey's church; but did not return to the wharf, till the steamboat was under-weigh, and though the yawl's helmsman pushed her hard up towards the slip, she did not approach near enough to make it safe for me to attempt to jump on board. Of course, my baggage came on to this place without its owner; and hence returned to New York. Meantime, I had come hither by the New London and Norwich route, but not till after my baggage had gone back to New York. I immediately wrote to the Agent at New York, by the Telegraph mail, to forward it to this place by the next boat; which he did, and to-day it came all safe. Whilst here, I have heard a field-preacher hold forth, in the public square near the state-house, with considerable ability. He preached several times in different parts of the city; and was in general treated with civility. I shall proceed up the river Connecticut to Springfield, this P. M., by the small steamboat, Agawam, and next week, or the week following, probably see you in Boston.

I will fill the rest of this letter with some additional remarks upon the subject of Western Missions, if you and your readers will bear with me.

In my letter from Buffalo, we considered the duty of extending the Gospel to the destitute portions of our own country—particularly, the settlements of the upper Mississippi valley; and we noticed some objections which have been made to this enterprise. But, indeed, we stand committed already, in the cause of Western Missions; and unless our attempts have proved signally unsuccessful, how can we consistently abandon it? But they have been in fact signally successful. Many have been made to feel a new and deep interest in spiritual realities; societies have been formed, and flourishing churches organized. Not a few are actually finding solace under the spiritual vines which our missionaries have planted there. To turn back now would discover a spirit unworthy of ourselves, and of the cause that we all hold dear. There is positively now no discharge from the warfare we have undertaken to wage. The eyes of the world are turned upon us, and we shall be judged by our conduct. To betray at this crisis a timid, wavering, self-seeking spirit, would not only injure our standing in the estimation of the western people, but must, I should suppose, destroy our self-respect. The funds already expended in the west have done good. Besides a church at Quincy, another has been formed at Hillsboro', in Illinois, consisting already of some thirty communicants—an uncommonly large proportion, considering the number of ordinary worshippers—more than half of whom received baptism on one and the same occasion; and many of whom, besides others not yet avowing themselves professors of Christianity, seldom attended public worship previously, through a principled aversion from those views of Christian doctrine exhibited by the clergy of their vicinity. Some of these were persons of the highest respectability in that part of the country, who, in taking the stand they did, when they joined our church, acted in a manner opposed to the wishes of some of their friends, and adverse to their worldly interests. Others were young men and young women—arrested, as if by an inseusible hand, in a course of religious indifference and thoughtlessness, who were beheld coming up to lend their support to the ark of the Lord, and make a profession of Christianity. There had been the profane, whose lips no longer utter the impious execration; there had been the habitually intemperate, who have now set out in 'the straight and narrow path' of self-control. Others had been notedly regardless of the institution of the Sabbath, who now constantly assist at the weekly worship, and bow, morning and evening, at the family altar. Instances of a similar kind in other places might be added, if it were needful; and even cases of reclaimed skepticism. More than one have there been, who, having frequented various meetings, and tried several different systems of theology, acknowledged, with gratitude to the projectors and generous supporters of Western Missions, that until they had become acquainted with our views, they had never before met with any that so perfectly satisfied the wants of their souls, and harmonized with reason and revelation. Those who have 'no faith in Western Missions,' after reading statements of this kind may triumph in their skepticical insensibility to the wants of their destitute brethren. What if they are 'engaged in clearing forests, breaking up lands, and building log-houses?' These are honest pursuits, we take it, and nowise incompatible with religious feeling. May not *they there*, as well as *we here*, attend to the wants of the body, and at the same time consult for the higher wants of the soul? Or, is there some intoxicating element in the western *climate;* which secularizes every thing holy, and causes all that breathe it to run mad after the world? Let us not say, then,—nor, for one moment indulge the craven thought,—that our missionary operations must not be carried beyond the limits of our own state—that missions beyond the lakes had better be abandoned at once—that 'the circumstances of western society are not favorable to the introduction of our views;' for, the above facts confirm, what reasoning upon general principles teaches, that it is precisely at the juncture, when society is in a transition-state, and the country unsettled, and 'many running to and fro,' and Christians resolving themselves into churches, that the fairest possible opportunity is offered for fixing a portion of this fluctuating mass, in favor of the truth as we hold it;—that now, indeed, the 'set time to favor our western Zion' is fully come; and that if we 'leave the work of establishing churches, till ten or twenty years hence,' the most of those who have either regard, or (I might almost say,) capacity for religion will have been garnered in other churches, and all that will be left for our gleaning will be the skeptic and the scorner.

We are surprised that statements have been permitted to go the rounds of our religious gazettes, uncontradicted by gentlemen who must have known that they were incorrect, but have sat by in silence and heard the importance of Western Missions doubted, and their good results denied, when the whole force of argument, the living demonstration of experience, lies on the other side of the question.

But I pass to speak more particularly of our own denomination—a small one as yet among the many denominations of the west. As the emigrant selects his location in those remote and boundless regions, often with reference to other circumstances than his religious connexions, our brethren are found to be widely and thinly scattered. Rarely do we find more than a few families that are situated in such vicinage as to be able to attend worship at one and the same church; and of course, those who are not living in such proximity are liable to become attracted by, and finally merged in, such other churches, as can afford them even partially the privileges of the Gospel. But are our friends to be abandoned, because they have not yet strength enough to support a ministry of their own? Certainly not. Hold up the light of truth among them, and their neighbors will soon comprehend, love and embrace it. Encourage them by occasional visits of missionaries to persevere, till they gain accessions by emigration, sufficient to enable them to support a ministry of their own. With Evangelists, who may nurse these germs of future churches into strength and maturity, it is the appropriate sphere of our association and our eastern churches, in conjunction with our Theological School, to supply them; and if their resources at all corresponded with their wishes, more good would be effected in this way.

But, there is, in reality at *home* as well as abroad, a crying *want* of preachers, this very moment. The difficulty is not so much a want of funds as a want of men—men of the right stamp.

What then, is to be done for the great West? Who will provide for the increasing demand both there and at home? Something *must* be

done, and that speedily, or our cause will go to wreck. Are our parish ministers of the city and country all asleep, that they have suffered the evil to reach this crisis? There is but one remedy for it; and that is as plain as the sun in the heavens. Our clergy alone can apply it, by exerting their influence among their parishioners, to bring our young men into the ministry. The appalling thinness in the ranks of our clergy can be recruited only by the personal exertions of pastors and parents. These must 'go forth into the highways and hedges' of the spiritual vineyard, and for the love of souls, for Christ's sake, beseech and compel the young men 'to come in.' We must either find, or create inducements to bring them into this noble field of labor.

It is to be feared, however, that the difficulty lies deeper in a want of zeal among Christians in spreading a knowledge of the truth—a want of faith in our religion itself. It is not that we are blind to the disease of sin, but that we harbor a latent skepticism as to the efficacy of the Gospel remedy. The profession of Christianity is solemnly belied by those, who are not entirely devoted to its spread. There are too many of us, who, evidently have not confidence in the religion of Jesus, as the grand moral cure for our lost race; if we had, unquestionably it would be our earnest endeavor to make it universal. We could never lock up such a treasure in our own bosoms, our own church, our own state;—we should be willing if we esteemed it precious, to submit to sacrifices, in order to communicate it to our destitute friends.

Whatever be the cause of past failure—whether a want of preachers, or a want of funds—or a want of faith—certainly there exist strong reasons for throwing out our resources more liberally, in enterprises of immediate benefit. Golden opportunities for propagating our faith in the west have already been irrecoverably lost; and the chance is fast going by forever, to gain a respectable footing there for our denomination. If the funds of the Association are held in part for this object, in the name of our religion let them be so applied without delay. If those funds are tied up to other objects, or if they are inadequate, let them be augmented by new contributions. The charge of inefficiency—the sin of indifference, it is apprehended, belongs not to the association alone, but to the whole Unitarian body. W. P. H.

For the Register and Observer.

SUPERFLUOUS ABUSE OF UNITARIANS.

It is painful to suppose that either the religious or the literary community in Great Britain can be in a condition to relish or even to tolerate insinuations against any respectable body of Christians so superfluous and so false as that which we are about to notice. It is contained in an article in the October number of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, entitled 'Picture Exhibitions—National Gallery—British Institution.' The writer of the article, after having expressed his opinions concerning several remarkable paintings, proceeds to deal with West's *Christ healing the sick* and *the Last Supper* in the following unceremonious and opprobrious terms, in the course of which our readers will find the uncalled for stigma upon Unitarians to which we have alluded. 'If West does not overpower by excellence, by stretch of canvass he will certainly bear down all before him Mr West was the oddest of painters of human flesh; his contrasts are ridiculous, from the whiteness of leprosy to all the Copper Indian—chalk and brick-dust. It is astonishing that the former of these pictures (Christ Healing the Sick) should ever have attained any celebrity even by the most ardent puffing. It must have been by the *extraordinary efforts of Unitarians, who must have been delighted to see the Redeemer totally deprived of all Divinity and reduced to the weakest of human beings—and this from the hands of the President of the Royal Academy.* It is hard to say in which of the two pictures—the chalk or the brick-dust—the degradation is most complete!'

To attribute such a diabolical motive as a desire to degrade and disfigure the person of Jesus to *any* set of men who profess to love and venerate him as the *Son of God* is, to say the least, an indecorum of which no respectable man would be guilty—and such as no decent Review ought to admit into its pages. The whole article is written in a bad spirit, and manifests no more good taste than the specimen which we have quoted would lead any sensible mind to expect from its author.

Unitarians do not, indeed, consider that the Holy Jesus can be dignified or exalted by any pomp or extrinsic adornment—but venerate him for qualities of the soul which the most gifted painter must fail in attempting to delineate and which are altogether independent of personal appearance and outward show. We ask not for an image of Jesus such as may be hung up in the Halls of nobles or decorate the Altar of some magnificent Cathedral, but are more than content with the beautiful idea of his moral perfections, which, it is the great purpose of our preaching and our prayers to enshrine in the heart and copy into obodient and improving lives. VATES.

There is a sweet and simple custom prevalent in Iceland which marks the habitual devotion of its inhabitants. Whenever they leave home, though for a short journey, they uncover their heads, and for the space of five minutes, silently implore the protection and favor of the Almighty. Dr Henderson, from whom it is derived, and who observed it in the Icelanders who often attended him on his excursions, also remarked it in the humblest fishermen when going forth to procure food for their families. After having put out upon the sea, they row the boat into quiet shore, and bowing their uncovered heads, solicit the blessing of their Father in Heaven. Even at passing a stream, which in their country of precipices is often an operation fraught with danger, they observe the same sacred custom. This affecting habit of devotion has been imputed to the fact, that from their isolated situation, and mode of life, the mother is almost the only teacher, and her instruction seems to have become incorporated with their very elements of being.

MUSIC.

Luther is frequently and fervently thankful for being enriched with a love of music. He says, 'it is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrow and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle discipline; it refines the passions and improves the understanding. Those who love music are honest and gentle in their tempers. I always loved music, and would not for a great matter be without the little skill I possess in this art.' The amiable and talented Hooker, in the fifth book of his 'Ecclesiastical Policy,' speaking of music, says;—'Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or voice, such is the force thereof, and as pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself, by nature, is or hath in it harmony'

For the Register and Observer.

Mr Editor,—I send you an extract from my New Year's Sermon, which, if you think proper, you may insert in the Register. You will perceive from the extract that the past season was marked by scenes of peculiar distress among the inhabitants of this town, a town, I may remark, which had for a long succession of years been exempted from wasting disease. The mortality was chiefly among children, and was occasioned by the prevalence of that terrible scourge, the Scarlet Fever. J. A.

Northboro', Jan. 10, 1840.

We know not what trials await us, what disappointments we shall experience, what friends we shall lose, what pains we shall endure, at what time or under what circumstances this earthly house of our tabernacle shall be dissolved and time with us shall be no more. Events of this nature often come upon us unexpectedly—sometimes with awful suddenness. To-day the little circle of friendship and love, in which we live and move and have our being, may be unbroken; and when we cast our eyes around, we may be greeted on all sides by blooming and cheerful countenances, and health and prosperity, and contentment may make ours a happy home. Wait a few weeks or days perhaps, and how changed the scene! An honored parent may be stretched on the bed of languishing and pain, or may have been gathered to the resting place of the dead. The fraternal band may have been severed, and a beloved brother or sister may have gone beyond the reach of our sympathies or our prayers.

And 'where,' desolate mourner, 'where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?'

There is silence and sadness, where lately were gladness and mirth. The cheerful voices of childhood are hushed. Their little hearts, just now so full of life and joy, have ceased to beat. And as of old, in Rama, 'a voice is heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning: Rachel weeping for her children, and will not be comforted because they are not.'

And how sad a change may be occasioned by intelligence from abroad! For the domestic affections are not confined within the narrow limits of home. They grasp objects far away: and tidings may come from a distant land which shall in a moment change our joy into mourning. Who does not feel that his own happiness is thus liable to be interrupted, and that intelligence from some absent friend may be now on the wing, which shall crush his cherished hopes and overwhelm him with anguish?

So uncertain are earthly possessions! so little do we know what shall be on the morrow!

Let us take a retrospect of the past year and see how this lesson has been confirmed by the teachings of Providence in the visitations of sickness and bereavement upon the members of this community. A season of so great anxiety and distress we had never before experienced. Oh, who can forget those terrible weeks of the beautiful month of May, when the pestilence was at its height, and almost every house in our quiet village was the seat of disease, and every morning brought intelligence of new cases, and the ear became familiar with the sound of the passing bell! *Without* all nature smiled. The sun shone with undiminished lustre. The Spring flowers were as beautiful and fragrant as ever. The birds sang as sweetly on the branches, and the earth was never decked with fairer robes. How little would a traveller, that should then have passed through our streets, have suspected scenes of heart-rending anguish were passing *within!* In one house a little girl—the first victim—pouring out her life-blood in a stream that cannot be stayed:—in another, a little boy, shrieking in agony, the disease eating into his very vitals, the picture of unmitigated distress. Next—in quick succession—six little girls, all active, bright, pleasant children, the joy, hope and pride of their parents—three from one house, constituting the whole of their little flock—and an infant boy the last of another household, fall victims all in one month. Nor are the ravages of the disease here stayed. In the two following months seven more are cut down, in childhood's innocence or in youthful vigor, by the same fell destroyer.

But only a part of the picture has yet been exhibited. For many successive weeks, the interior of our houses presented scenes of distress such as could not fail to awaken compassion in the bosom of every beholder. Whole families at once or in quick succession are seized with greater or less violence; and many who recover escape barely with their life. In one house, you might go from one apartment to another and reckon up seven patients, in another six, in another five, all in a state of suffering and peril. In one, preparations are making for the funeral of a sick boy, in whom life is almost extinct, but who afterwards revived, and who yet lives to be, as we trust, a comfort and blessing to his widowed mother. In another house, an infant is gasping for breath, and the afflicted parents are mourning for their only son, as though its innocent spirit had taken its flight. And this child too is spared, the pale cheeks recover their bloom, the feeble limbs their activity;—and the parents' grief is turned into joy.

Many others are raised from the bed of suffering and snatched from the very brink of the grave, and are now blooming, healthful, happy children, growing up like olive plants around their parents' table. Behold, parents, the children which God has given you, as it were, for the second time: look on them as the monuments of his mercy and loving kindness, and Oh, be thankful to him and speak well of his name. For he heard your cry when you were in distress, and has kept your eyes from tears and saved from death your darling babes, your precious jewels. 'Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful deeds to the children of men!'

But other sorrowful scenes claim our notice on this first Sabbath of the year. The last year was one of unprecedented mortality, especially among the lambs of our flock. Besides the sixteen already noticed, six fell victims to other diseases, making a total of twenty-two children all taken in the compass of one year from within our narrow limits. And scarcely had the new year commenced its course, even before the light of the first morning had dawned, another dear child, whom pestilence had spared, was taken from a household, already sorely tried, leaving only one little lamb from the beautiful flock so lately dwelling in peace beneath the domestic roof. Of these twenty-three children, fifteen belonged to families which worship in this place, and seven were members of our Sunday school, besides which two others—twin sisters—were intending to join it on the very next Sabbath following the day when the disease entered their dwelling and soon made their parents childless. One, a member of our Sunday School, was cut down in the midst of youth's gay visions and sanguine hopes. She had gone from us in pursuit of health. She found it not. The disease which had been secretly undermining her constitution, at length betrayed alarming symptoms, and threatened her speedy dissolution. She felt that she must die. Oh! with what earnestness did she long to revisit her native town, to see once more her parents, her brothers and sisters, to converse with her minister, to die amidst her kindred beneath the paternal roof! This privilege was denied her. But she was resigned; and though away from the home of her childhood, she was permitted to behold once more her mother's face, and to breathe out her gentle spirit in her mother's arms.

Three little girls were taken from one class! How solemn the admonition to the surviving members! And what affecting warnings have been given to the whole School and to all the youthful members of this community! Have they forgotten, can they forget the sorrowful events of the last Spring and Summer—when disease was committing his ravages amongst them, and their little friends in rapid succession were conveyed to the home of the dead?

How many little mounds have risen up in that beautiful enclosure! How many 'seeds of immortality' have been already sown in that garden of graves! Go, children, visit the consecrated ground, when the warm gales of Spring shall have disrobed the earth of its thick mantle of snow, and number the little hillocks, which rise up here and there, and read the inscriptions on the monuments that parental affection has erected over them, and devoutly thank your Heavenly Father, through whose tender compassion you were rescued from an early grave.

And you too, fond parents, visit the place where you have deposited your treasures; and while you shed the tear of affliction over their dust, look aloft; raise your thoughts to heaven; and with the eye of faith, behold them there—ministering spirits, beautiful angels, heirs of the kingdom. For of such—O precious words!—is the kingdom of heaven.

And should other parents over whose houses the angel of death passed, and left them unharmed, whose 'children are still about them' to receive their caresses and to be nurtured by their care—should any such visit the spot and survey these little graves, let them stop for a few moments and meditate on the sorrowful scenes which are called up by these memorials of the dead, of the anguish that wrung the parental heart, when called to relinquish objects so dear, to yield up its cherished treasures, and let them weep with them that weep, and minister consolation to those whom God has afflicted. And while their own children are spared, let it be their earnest endeavor to train them up for a useful and honorable life, to lay the foundations of a virtuous and religious character. Let them not spoil them by weak indulgence; nor discourage them by excessive strictness and severity; but mingle gentleness and decision, that their children may be drawn along by the strong cords of love and filial piety, in the way in which they should go.

He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in idle wishes, and regret in the last hour his useless intentions and barren zeal.

SPINOZA.

[From Mr Ripley's Reply to Mr Norton.]

The assertion that intelligence is denied to God, considered as a cause, is, if possible, still more clearly set aside by the following statements of Spinoza.

'The formal being of ideas has' (*agnoscit*, literally, *owns*) 'God for its cause, so far only as he is considered as a thinking being, and not so far as he is manifested by another attribute. That is, the ideas of the attributes of God, as well as of individual things, have not the objects of the ideas, or the things perceived for their efficient cause; but God himself, so far as he is a thinking being.'

'In God, the idea necessarily exists, both of his own essence and of all things which necessarily proceed from his essence.

'DEMONSTR. For God can think of infinite objects in infinite modes, or form the idea of his own essence and of all things which necessarily proceed from it.'

I cannot easily imagine a more explicit assertion of the self-consciousness, and of course, the intelligence of God, considered as the cause of all things. It is not met by saying that it alludes to the ideas of the Infinite, which exist in the aggregate of finite minds. For this supposition is contradicted by the following passages.

'The idea of God, from which infinite effects proceed in infinite modes can be only one.

'DEMONSTR. For the infinite intelligence comprehends nothing but the attributes of God, and his affections,' (modes or manifestations.) 'But God is one. Therefore the idea of God, from which infinite effects proceed in infinite modes, must be only one.'

If the idea which God has of his own essence, be merely a compound of the ideas of finite minds, according to Spinoza, it is plain that he could never have maintained a proposition like that now quoted. But he makes the distinction between the finite mind and the infinite mind, still more clear in a passage taken from another part of his writings.

'The mind,' (the human mind) 'can imagine nothing, nor remember past events, except as long as the body lasts.'

'But in God the idea necessarily exists, which expresses the essence of this or that human body in an eternal form.

'DEMONSTR. God is not only the cause of the existence of this or that human body, but also of its essence; which therefore must necessarily be conceived of by means of the essence of God; and that by a certain eternal necessity; which conception must necessarily exist in God.'

I have thus shown that the limitation of thought to the aggregate of thinking beings, considered as *phenomenal* Nature, to use your expression, is contradicted by specific passages in the writings of Spinoza.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JANUARY 25, 1840.

UNITARIANISM AT THE WEST.

Our readers have heard something concerning the appearance of Unitarianism at the College in Jackson, La. The following letter from two of the Professors, addressed to the Editor of the Christian Palladium, will be read with much interest. Liberal, large views of religious truth, must be spread through that vast region. If not, infidelity and fanaticism will reign and triumph, and give occasion for sadder pages than have yet been written. It is not possible that men indulging the utmost freedom of thought on all other subjects, will suffer their minds to be confined and fettered in regard to religion. Every pervading and powerful influence at work there is opposed to such an acquiescence. Freedom, liberality, dwells and revels there. Its spirit breathes from every object. It presides over every department of life and society. It is enthroned on its mountains and embosomed in its rivers. It unfolds its banner on the boundless prairie. And the people there have drank deeply from freedom's fountains—perhaps too deeply, till they are a little beside themselves. Its love has the vehemence of passion. It is not possible therefore that they will suffer the narrow, severe, depressing system of Calvin to be imposed upon them. They will cast it off with silent scorn and indignation. And in those cases where it is embraced with sincerity, mingling as it does with ungenial and discordant elements, it will only inflame and convulse the soul, i. e., produce violent fanaticism. Calvinism is in conflict with the temper and tendencies of the times. It brings those minds of which it gets possession, into a state of antagonism, with that prevailing, moral power in which they live and have their being. The results are sad in the extreme,—despondency, distraction, misgivings, demoniac temptations, turbid excitement, at last hardened insensibility. The attempts that are made to sustain and enforce it, are doing more than all infidels and atheists, to weaken the hold and defeat the energies of Christianity. It is a millstone about its neck—dragging it down into the great gulphs of skepticism. Christianity and Calvinism must be wholly separated. They must no longer, in any way, be associated. It must not be allowed to darken the hem of Christ's robe. Jesus and Calvin must be viewed as far apart as the east is from the west. But how can they, on the borders of our country, arrive at liberal views, without assistance and instruction from abroad. They are necessarily deeply engaged in active pursuits. They have not the means—nor mental habits requisite for careful investigation. The veil of early education is over them. A state of suspense they will not long endure. What then can reasonably be expected—but that they will rush into the cold, calm regions of infidelity—throw away their bibles and turn impatiently from the Son of God—because clouds of error are about him? This must be the result, except something is done to arrest the natural progress towards it? Something *can—must* be done. And we must be the messengers of glad tidings. We must pour light from heaven on this gathering darkness, and enable the Sun of Righteousness to shed down there all the beauty and beneficence of his beams. We have some select laborers already in the field—but we need more—many more. Will they not hear the voice and come forth to the work of the Lord? The Professors are right in what they say as to the basis or principle of union among us. It is the sacred right of private judgment, unchecked free inquiry, thorough protestantism. We will go *directly* to Jesus and learn of *him*. We will not permit a shadow of human authority to intervene. We will commune immediately with his mighty, divine spirit, and drink from its unfathomable fountains of living waters. Neither councils, nor presbyteries, nor traditions, nor creeds, nor denunciation shall deter us. Woe would be ours, did we not follow the light which God has kindled and feeds in our minds. For doctrines we care comparatively little. We wish to make men free and have no doubt *they* will then make acquisition of the truth. Freedom is the only medium, through which efficient, sanctifying truth can be perceived and seized. All therefore, who heartily embrace the principle of thorough protestantism, we hail as friends and fellow-workers. It is with high satisfaction that we receive into our ranks such men as Gird and Wooldridge. May their labors be abundant and blessed. And may God daily add some as worthy to our numbers.

We give the letter.

Jackson, La., Nov. 25, 1839.

To the Editor of the Christian Palladium.

Dear Sir,—We have derived much gratification from the friendly notice you have taken of us in the Palladium, and from your kind letter of the 26th of August. Having taken upon ourselves the Christian name and profession, we would gladly include all of like precious faith in our fraternal regard, and be received by them into fellowship. It is not the least among our trials that many of our Christian brethren not only fail to reciprocate the friendship we esteem it a duty and a privilege to cherish, but assail us with harsh denial of our right to the Christian name; and even with censorious judgment of our hearts. To find ourselves admitted to a brotherly communion with so large and so pure a body of believers as we esteem yours to be was happy and encouraging. To be invited to address them through your paper is an honor to which we have no claim; but compliance with it is a pleasure a duty we have no wish to decline. As we may have opportunity, therefore, we propose, now and then, to make communications for your publication; and, for the present we would set down a few friendly words, which, we doubt not, will be received in the spirit in which they are written.

And, first of all, we would congratulate our brethren of the Christian connection on their success in advancing the great cause of sacred truth and vital piety, and on the peculiar advantages of their position for making head against all errors of belief and practice, in the church as well as in the world. From what a small beginning have the zeal and purity of a few men of apostolic spirit produced such a widely spreading communion. How it reminds us of the Savior's parable: 'The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which is indeed the least of all seeds, but when it is grown, it becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.' May the tree of the Gospel you have reared forever flourish, and many a wandering wing find shelter in its branches, till strengthened for the final flight to its heavenly home! Looking to the Scriptures for the truths that command belief, and the principles that direct practice, and allowing no authoritative value to any creed or commentary however helpful towards a true knowledge of the Scriptures, you are free from a constraint galling to the lover of truth, embarrassing to the conscientious Christian. You avoid the danger of adding to the portion of error your own fallibility may cause you to adopt, another portion caused by the fallibility of others in whose guidance you had no right to trust.—Still more, you free yourselves from the criminality of holding out a temptation, such as is turning thousands of our brethren from the straight and perfect way, the temptation to compromise with conscience, to assent to the received creed rather than stand alone, or fall into the ranks of those who are condemned as heterodox,—in a word, the dreadful temptation to be false to the Divine Master by supporting and proclaiming as his truth that which is not believed to be truth at all. The inventors and upholders of test-creeds, we do verily believe, thus fetter the feet of Truth, ensnare the feeble minded, and lay stumbling blocks in the way of the worldly. But this cannot be said of you. Among you the Bible is an open book, for every one, even for him that runs, to read, and understand, and profit by, according to the enlightenment and preparation of heart and mind vouchsafed unto him. And this course contributes to practical piety, as much as it does to the freedom and comfort of the believer. For his attention is drawn away from the examination of many matters of opinion of little comparative importance, and is devoted more intensely to that which is of greater. He can duly pay 'tithes of mint, and anise, and cummin,' and not neglect 'the weightier matters of justice, and judgment, and truth.' Thus too, religion gains the respect of the world. For the world does know the difference between right and wrong, does feel the difference between good and evil; and it does lend a listening ear to every serious discussion, and behold with interest every serious endeavor that concerns the advancement of its virtue and happiness.

And, if we accord with our brethren of the Christian connection as to the principles which constitute their union and their strength, we trust also that we sympathize with them in the feelings which constitute their comfort and their joy.—The spirit of toleration and good will towards those who differ from us in things not affecting uprightness of life, has come to be called in these latter days by the name of Liberality. But, so far as the Gospel dictates our conduct towards men, what is it but an injunction to cherish and manifest this very spirit? What is it, but that which sounds more sweetly by its own heavenly names of Love and Charity? If we speak of liberality towards our fellow Christians, what is it but fulfilling that new commandment—'Love one another.' If we speak of liberality towards those from whom we differ, whether believers or unbelievers, what is it but that charity which 'suffereth long and is kind, which envieth not, vaunteth not *itself*, thinketh no evil, is not puffed up,'—which 'covereth a multitude of sins, which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' How happy a feeling is this heavenly charity! How blest is the Christian whose love compasses the world, and rejoices in every place to find some heart which has been softened and enlarged by the great love of Christ for sinful men, though all its mountains of prejudice, and all the films of mental blindness, have not been removed. Surely, the idea of true Christian happiness cannot be realized by those in whom is wanting this expansive and generous spirit of Charity.

And we must say too, Christian brethren, that it is this same discernment of the true principle, and cultivation of the genuine feelings of Christian liberality, by those other brethren of the Congregational Churches who are generally denominated Unitarians, which endears them to us. It is true, that with them and with you, we agree in many articles of doctrine, but we almost lose sight of this bond of union, while contemplating our common reception of the broad principle that Christian fellowship is the right of every sincere believer in the Savior who seeks salvation in the path of obedience. Our Unitarian brethren have nobly protested against the practice of those churches which require of a believer as a condition of admission to church privileges, and even of a recognition of his right to the Christian name, an avowal of his belief in articles of faith, which other men in other days, in their boldness or blindness, have framed and established for all men of all ages. The brethren of the Unitarian denomination, as well as the brethren of the Christian connection, make their appeal to the Scriptures directly, and not with the intervention of obscure, controvertible, and unceasingly controverted articles of faith. They esteem this to be the privilege of every private Christian, of every one who confesses Christ before men. Would it were so with all the friends of Christ! Then would zeal for truth and zeal for righteousness be tempered by a wisdom, which expects not of frail, imperfect, and imperfectly cultivated men, a perfect comprehension of the ways of God,—by a modesty which pretends not to fathom all mysteries, and, above all, by that holy love which, embracing, like the Father's, even the sinful and debased, makes the soul in which it dwells one with the Father, one with Jesus, one with all the blessed above, and one with all who cherish the same heavenly spirit throughout the world.

Thus attached to two bodies of Christians, because both assert and carry out principles which we also hold and endeavor to practise upon,—because both prize the Christian spirit more than the dogmatic expositions of Christianity which theologians have made,—because to both we are indebted for aid in coming to a knowledge of the truth,—and because both have manifested for us a truly Christian sympathy,—thus attached to both, are we called upon, Christian brethren, to choose between them? Must we reject the name of Unitarian, endeared as it is to us as a synonyme of so much Christian truth and love? Or must we yield our claim to fellowship with those brethren who scrupulously adhere to the only name which denotes our relation to him who alone is our Master on earth? We do not so read the hearts of our brethren of either body. We do not find it in our hearts to give up whatever hold we may have been permitted to gain on the Christian affections of either. We offer the hand of fellowship to both denominations; we shall gladly receive their ministers among us to labor in the Lord, and will gladly unite with either in advancing the common cause. And if there be any others of our fellow Christians, who entertain equally liberal and scriptural views of Christian fellowship, we trust they will feel with us, that here is a common ground, on which we may unite to build that church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

It is not for us to speak to our brethren, but the position we occupy is one, perhaps not often held by others, and we shall be heard with allowance. We would urge our brethren of the Christian connection, and our Unitarian brethren to engage in a cordial and frequent intercourse. We do not doubt that whenever members of the two denominations may be thrown together, there will be mutual kindness. This has happened, and it has been delightful to witness. But, will our brethren pardon us, we would see something more than this. We would have some care taken to cultivate a mutual acquaintance and to interchange acts of Christian fellowship and service. Does not fidelity to the distinguishing principles held in common require this? Certainly, it would be a beautiful exemplification of those principles. Happiness and improvement attend the communion of the Savior's followers. Such we doubt not would be the result of the intercourse we wish to see established among our brethren. We doubt not, that it would be gratifying and profitable to both, that it would tend to remove misconceptions of each other, to bring both nearer to each other and to the truth, and, above all, to exercise most happily the feelings which make Christians one.

We have called our small communion a Congregational Church. According to the light vouchsafed to us, this seemed right in our eyes. On the subject of church government and organization, we believe there is no difference between you and us. We believe in the independence of churches, in individual independence; but that all Christians, and all churches ought to love one another, help one another, and preserve the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace. Our church covenant contains nothing designed to exclude any one who believes in Christ, and is striving to yield the obedience of faith.

We are your servants in Christ.

H. H. GIRD,
A. D. WOOLDRIDGE.

THE YOUTH'S SKETCH BOOK.
THE BOY'S STORY BOOK.

These are both pleasing and good books. They can safely be put into the hands of the young and will be read with interest and benefit by them. We have not read them through as will probably be suspected—but enough, we think, to justify us in what we have said. We sometimes fear that our children have so much reading that they will find little time and few occasions to observe and think. But knowledge is not intelligence—nor do pretty stories impart wisdom. A little fresh thought and original observation are of more worth than all they can impart. The mind to gain facility and force must not be a passive recipient—but active and productive. If children are not taught to combine reflection with reading—though it may keep them out of harm's way, it will do them little real and lasting good. We suspect that few good and great men were *blessed* with numerous juvenile libraries. God's book is so written as to demand hard study—and its students become vigorous and manly. If its pages could be run over at the rate of thirty an hour—it might amuse—but would little benefit. We are certainly very *smart* in our day and generation—whether the results of our rapid progress will be so mighty and magnificent remains to be seen.

CHRIST REJECTED.

This most beautiful and affecting picture is now on exhibition at Harding's Gallery. The lovers of art and the lovers of the morally impressive and sublime however expressed, will of course eagerly seize the opportunity of viewing it. While the refined and critical will feel their taste and their imagination exalted, the devout and adoring will feel their higher aspirations quickened and filled. The Christian will be carried into the immediate presence of his Master, and in profound veneration contemplate him, enthroned in serene divinity, far above the assaults of fierce, relentless passions, and the storms of a cruel, persecuting world. That most touching and appalling scene, crowded with all that is wicked and base in the depths of bigotry and degradation, and with all that is lovely, glorious and Godlike in the possible attainments of our nature, is vividly impressed on all, who look on it with any appropriate sensibilities. But it needs not our commendation to attract attention.

For the Register and Observer.

POETRY SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

No. I.

Tune, Sicilian Hymn.

A Paraphrase of Galatians vi. 9.

1 Heirs of fruits matured in glory,
Early sow the immortal seed.
Child, and youth, and patriarch hoary,
There 's a harvest rich indeed.

2 Plants of Paradise are tender;
Guard and dress the sacred fields;
Nobler produce they will render,
Than terrestrial garden yields.

3 Cheerfully endure your labor,
Though your hopes be long delayed;
Bear with patience, though your neighbor,
Though your bosom friends upbraid.

4 Still courageous, lo! the peasant
Disappointments oft endures,
While, with toil and care incessant,
He his earthly food secures.

5 Whether bland or chill the breezes,
Still he ploughs, and still he sows;
While one hope his burden eases,
Seeks no premature repose.

6 Thus, Immortals, persevering,
Christian courage *still maintain;*
All your weary labor cheering
With a surer hope of gain. S. W.

NO. II.

Tune, Calvin.

A Paraphrase of the Second and Third Commandments.

1 Great All in all, thou Power supreme,
Infinite, everlasting God,
The heavens with thine effulgence beam;
Let men proclaim thy praise abroad.

2 To thee alone is worship due;
Idols are vanity and dust:
Thou only wise, and just, and true,
To thee we bow; in thee we trust.

3 Unrivalled, Lord, within our hearts
Reign in the plenitude of power:
That gracious power a *light* imparts,
To cheer the soul, when terrors lower.

4 No form in all created things,
Spirit invisible and pure,
Can represent the King of kings;
Thee mortal eye could ne'er endure.

5 Let no vain form our thoughts degrade,
While on thy worship we attend;
No cloud the eye of faith o'ershade,
While heart and soul to thee ascend. S. W.

HOWARD BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

The following Report of the standing committee will be read with interest and satisfaction. It leaves nothing for us to supply. It seems there are many boys about our streets who need the care and discipline of the Farm School. We fear this excellent and most Christian institution does not yet receive the consideration it deserves. It is most powerfully commended to the attention of the citizen, patriot and disciple of Jesus. May God add to the numbers of its zealous friends and patrons. The Hon. Theodore Lyman is mentioned wit much feeling and deserved respect. He has left a reputation more enviable than ambitious genius can confer. It is written on the tablets of many hearts. It is celebrated in the abodes of the poor and forlorn. May the place he has left vacant in our charities be soon filled. We may wish it—but perhaps not very reasonably expect it.

TO THE MEMBERS AND PATRONS OF THE HOWARD BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

The Standing Committee, in compliance with usage, present the twenty-eighth annual Report.

During the past year the Society's operations have been conducted much as in former years. The calls on your Committee for the relief of distress have not been so numerous and pressing as at some former periods. Our funds have been comparatively small, but we have been enabled, through the liberality of contributors, to afford some relief in all cases where it has been deemed necessary and advisable. In some instances, however, we have not been able to bestow as much as we should have felt it a duty to give, had the funds of the Society been more ample. The amount expended during the year has been $2427, in relief of several hundred persons.

It is not the intention of this Society to interfere with the exercise of private charity. The benefactions of individuals, conferred on persons known to the benefactor to be needy and worthy, is the most natural, the most christian, and the least objectionable mode of alms-giving. Nor do the almoners of this Society aim to assume the duties of Overseers of the Poor, to relieve the public of poor rates. We would do what we can to prevent the evils of a degraded pauperism—nothing to encourage and sustain it. The aid given by this Society is principally afforded to destitute, aged, sick, and widows with young children. In a large city, cases frequently occur, particularly during the inclemency of winter, where individuals and families must severely suffer, but for the timely aid afforded by this and kindred charities.

It is highly creditable to our city, that strict beggary is

so little encouraged and practiced. Probably this evil is less in Boston than in any other large city. Still your Committee often become acquainted with instances of gross imposition, where the most unworthy obtain from the hand of benevolence the means of subsistence in indolence and vice. And it is a melancholy truth, that very many boys and girls, who ought to be daily in the public schools, are idling about the the streets and wharves, growing up in vice and ignorance. They ought to be in the Farm School or House of Reformation, for unless soon arrested in their downward course, many of them are sure to become paupers and criminals.

The most clamorous applicants for relief are generally the most unworthy. It is only by a close personal examination of the cases of such applicants, and frequent communication with the ministers of the poor and other almoners of public and associated charity, that your Committee can avoid misapplication of the Society's funds. They have endeavored at all times to co-operate with the various other benevolent associations in the city. The monthly meeting of delegates at the office of the Visiters of the Poor, under the Savings Bank, in Tremont Street, is regarded as productive of much good in preventing impositions. Applications for relief can at any time be left at that office, with the Rev. Mr Bascom, Secretary of the Delegates' Association.

Intemperance, the great immediate cause of poverty, sickness and death, still prevails to a fearful extent. It is remarkable, that while almost the whole community are the avowed friends of temperance, that opinions should differ so widely in regard to the best means for its promotion; and that at the same time its evils remain. Should the happy day ever arrive when intemperance shall cease, the calls for public charity will be 'few and far between.' By this remark it is not to be understood that the recipients of charity are intemperate, but they are too generally connected in families where the vice exists.

Winter, the dreaded season to the poor, again approaches. The embarrassments of the times render it probable that many must be thrown out of employment, or receive less aid than hitherto, through accustomed channels. Again those who enjoy the comforts of affluence or competence, will be called upon to contribute to alleviate the distresses of their suffering fellow beings. This Society during the last year has lost its most munificent patron. The late Hon. Theodore Lyman, who has for many years contributed a large proportion of the funds expended by your Committee. His memory is emboldened in the gratitude of hundreds of the worthy poor, who have been fed, and clothed, and warmed by his bounty. Unless others come forward with liberal donations to the Howard Benevolent Society, its means of affording relief will be materially lessened.

MOSES GRANT, *President.*
ARTEMAS SIMONDS, *Secretary.*
CALVIN WHITING, *Treasurer.*

October 22, 1839.

Standing Committee of H. B. Society, for 1340.
Ward 1—H. CHADBOURN, Chadbourn & Co. Wood Wharf, Commercial Street.
Ward 2—Jos. MORIARTY, Salem Street, No. 32.
EPHRAIM MILTON, Clark Street.
Ward 3—LEWIS JONES, Union Street, No. 36. T. W. HASKINS, Washington Street. No. 46.
Ward 4—S. G. SHIPLEY, North Federal Court.
Ward 5—M. GRANT, Cambridge Street, No. 7, and Union Street, No. 9.
Ward 6—Rev. W. HOWE, Temple Street, No. 26.
Ward 7—T. TARBELL, Water Street, No. 55.
Ward 8—J. W. WARREN, Jr. Federal Street, No. 46. J. W. GATES, Commercial Street, No. 26.
Ward 9—DANIEL T. COIT, High Street, No. 12.
Ward 10—Jos. EUSTIS, Front Street, No. 113.
Ward 11—CALVIN WHITING, Warren Street, No. 35. ARTEMAS SIMONDS, Overseer's Office, Faneuil Hall.
Ward 12—ALVIN SIMONDS, South Boston, corner Broadway and Turnpike Street.

TEMPERANCE.

We call the attention of our readers to the the following Circular. A convention assembled from all parts of the Commonwealth cannot fail at this time to be followed by the happiest results. A combined effort by the friends of temperance was never more necessary. The whole energy of the cause needs to be excited and concentrated. Its foes are active, persevering, determined. Let us at least take one lesson from them. Let us act with the faith and resolution worthy the high enterprise in which we are engaged. We are fellow-workers with God. We are leagued with Omnipotence. We cannot fail of success except our hearts fail us. In due season we shall reap if we faint not. And what a beneficent and glorious harvest—unsurpassed by any yet gathered in the moral fields of the world! *We will not faint.* The generations to come, will cry shame on us if we do.

CIRCULAR.

To all Temperance Societies, and the Friends of Temperance, in Massachusetts.

A meeting of gentlemen, residing in Boston and its vicinity, friendly to the great cause of temperance, was held in the Marlboro' Chapel, in Boston, on Wednesday, Jan. 1st, 1840, and by adjournment on the Monday following. At this meeting a full and free discussion was had, as to the expediency of calling a State Temperance Convention, to be held in Boston, at an early day, in pursuance of custom, and with special reference to the present crisis in the history of the License Law of 1838. The result of the discussion was, a unanimous determination to call such a Convention, in the hope that the call would be fully responded to from all parts of the Commonwealth.

A Committee of Arrangement was accordingly chosen, and authorized to carry that vote into effect.

It is in pursuance of that resolution, that we now invite you to assemble and elect delegates, *friendly to the principles of the Law of* 1838, to attend a Convention, which will be held in the Marlboro' Chapel, Boston, on Wednesday, Feb. 12th, 1840, at 10 o'clock, A. M. You are requested to send as numerous a delegation as may be in your power, as it is very important that the Convention be large, as well as spirited and efficient.

Respectfully yours, per order,

John C. Warren,	*Boston,*	John Tappan,	*Boston,*
Samuel Dror,	"	Moses Grant,	"
R. Rantoul, Jr.,	"	Henry Edwards,	"
Wm. T. Eustis,	"	Nathan Crosby,	"
Amasa Walker,	"	John H. Bolles,	"
Francis Jackson,	"	J. C. Converse,	"
Wm. B. Spooner,	"	Loring Norcross,	"
Robert Rantoul,	*Beverly,*	J. Edwards,	*Andover,*
L. M. Sargent,	*Roxbury,*	T. Whittemore,	*Cambridge,*
Sherman Leland,	"	Isaiah Breed,	*Lynn,*
E. Washburn,	*Worcester,*	Wm. Jackson,	*Newton,*
Levi Farwell,	*Cambridge,*	John Clark,	*Lowell.*

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

We hope the notice of the anniversary of this association will attract the attention of readers. It cannot fail to be an occasion of much interest. The discourse, we may well anticipate, will give high satisfaction to all who hear it.

NEW YEAR.

We thank our friend for the portion of his New Year's discourse, and doubt not many others will with equal sincerity. We wish some other of our former associates would remember us in the same way. We assure them we shall view every thing of the kind in the light of favors.

BOOKS FOR THE WEST.

Books for Parish and Sabbath school Libraries, in the West have been received from Rev. H. Ware, Jr., and several other gentlemen in Cambridge, Rev. A. B. Muzzey of Cambridgeport, Rev. Mr Young, Rev. Geo. Ripley, Rev. Mr Pierpont, D. Francis, Esq., Rev. F. T. Gray, Miss D. Dix, Brattle Street Sabbath school, Boston; and Rev. C. Palfrey, of Grafton. Several others, whose names have not been handed to us, have likewise sent in Books.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Congregational Church, West Hartford.—We quote below an interesting paragraph from the New Haven Record, respecting the Congregational Church of West Hartford. If our recollection serves us rightly, some more extraordinary facts might be stated respecting the Congregational Church of West Bridgewater in this State. Will the respected pastor of that Church, or any other gentleman who has access to the necessary documents, please to give us a brief sketch of the history of that church.

The Congregational Church of West Harford, Conn. was organized, in 1712, more than a century and a quarter ago, and has been supplied during the whole of this long period by only three pastors, viz: Rev. Benjamin Colton, who labored 40 years; Rev. Nathaniel Hooker, who labored 13 years; and Rev. Nathan Perkins, D. D., who died in January 1838, after a ministry of 65 years. During Mr Colton's ministery 227 were added to the church; during Mr Hooker's 69; and during the first fifty years of Dr. Perkins's 900.

WESLEYAN METHODISTS.—The doctrine of the Wesleyan Methodists is preached in twenty-eight different languages, and their number throughout the world is estimated at two millions four hundred and twenty thousand.—*Nat. Gaz.*

CHRISTIANITY IN TURKEY.—It is stated that since the death of the late Sultan of Turkey, the persecution which had been going on at Constantinople against persons embracing Protestant Christianity, have wholly ceased, and that the Priests who took the lead in them have become quite unpopular with the people generally. The Pacha of Egypt is the most tolerant of all the Mahomedan princes. There are no persecutions for religious opinions in his dominions.

PROHIBITION OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN SPAIN BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.—Lord Palmerston has sent instructions to the British minister at Madrid, to be communicated to the various British consuls in Spain, informing them that any British subject preaching or teaching religion, or distributing books in that country, will be rendered liable to a state prosecution.

LIN THE HIGH COMMISSIONER.—Letters have been received from the American Missionaries at Canton, which say that Lin has made inquiries respecting the religion and customs of the Europeans and Americans, more thorough and more intelligent than have ever been made by any Chinese before; and that he has in his employment four men who can speak English, one of whom spent two years in the Missionary school at Cornwall, Ct., and another is son of Leang-a-Fa, a Chinese convert to Christianity, who for some years has been very zealous and bold in distributing tracts and making other efforts to benefit his countrymen.

UNITARIAN SOCIETY IN SYRACUSE.—We have favorable reports of the condition of this Society, and the success of their Pastor in exerting an interest in religious inquiry.

We find the following notice, in a late number of the Onondaga Standard, published at Syracuse.

NOTICE.—A Second Lecture on the Study of the Sacred Scriptures, will be delivered by Rev. J. P. B. Storer on Friday Evening, 10th inst., at half past six, in the Unitarian Chapel.

To the Editor of the Daily Advertiser:

Dear Sir,—About two months ago a committee was appointed, at a large public meeting, to make collections for the relief of the sufferers by the fires at Mobile. Jas. Savage, Esq., was appointed treasurer of the Committee, which trust he has discharged with his accustomed fidelity. He has recently presented his account, by which it appears that the sum of $3,956 80 was received from the following sources, viz:

Second Baptist Church,		$154 00
Park street	"	105 19
King's Chapel	(Dr Greenwood's)	204 00
New North "	(Dr Parkman's)	200 70
Second Universalist "		54 90
Old South "		110 99
New South "	(Mr Young's)	321 75
Twelfth Cong. "	(Mr Barrett's)	144 62
Third Baptist "		73 15
Bulfinch street "		36 26
Green street "		27 92
Second Cong. "	(Mr Robbins's)	122 00
Russell street "		14 26
Bromfield street "		30 00
First "	(Dr Frothingham's)	173 74
West "	(Mr Bartol's)	213 85
Hollis street "	(Mr Pierpont's)	230 00
First Church, Roxbury	(Mr Putnam's)	208 53
Brattle street Church	(Mr Lothrop's)	230 47
Trinity "		200 46
Berry street "	(Mr Gannett's)	235 63
Christ "		27 00
Purchase street "	(Mr Ripley's)	103 13
First Universalist "		102 00
South Congregational "	(Mr Motte's)	125 00
Bowdoin street "		120 06
Grace "		60 00
St Paul's "		94 00
Fourth Universalist "		16 55
Federal st. Baptist "		48 59
Salem street "		57 00
Sundry individuals,		111 00
		$3,956 80

This sum has been advantageously remitted, and the following articles have also been sent, viz:

2 bbls Pork,
1 box Hams,
1 bbl. Potatoes,
1 bbl. Beets,
} Given by individuals.

1 bundle Clothing, given by the Ladies' Charitable Society of Rev. Mr Robbins's Society.

The amount raised by individual subscription would doubtless have been larger, but for the calamities of the times; and it may be hoped that the donation will be useful and acceptable, at least as an evidence of sympathy with our distant fellow citizens in their distress.

I send you the above statement for publication, by direction of the committee.

Your friend and servant,
SAM'L A. ELIOT, Chairman.

Boston, Jan. 10, 1840.

[For the information of our readers at a distance, we have annexed the names of the Unitarian or Liberal clergy to the churches in which they officiate.—ED. REG.]

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

DEACON JOSEPH KINGMAN.

Died in West Bridgewater, on the 13th of December, Deacon Joseph Kingman, aged 76.

The subject of the above notice combined the rare qualities of piety, resignation, and faith, exhibited in a long and useful life, in which he uniformly appeared 'the noblest work of God'—an honest man—as a father, his memory is embalmed in the hearts of a numerous family, which by his pious example, his persevering firmness, and his undoubted integrity he has trained to usefulness and duty. As a neighbor and citizen, he still lives in the cherished remembrance of a large circle of acquaintances and friends, who can never fail to feel the effects of his sobriety, his integrity, and his patience under suffering, and his brotherly love and charity—for about fifty years he had borne his open testimony to the faith in which he lived and died, and for thirty years had served as a church officer, honoring his profession by such a holy life and such a godly conversation, as even the wicked could but approve—his death was such as might be expected from his life—calm, patient, resigned, and confiding, he sunk to repose, like the tranquil departure of a summer sun.

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blessed the righteous when he dies! R. S.

INTELLIGENCE.

Burning of the Lexington.—We briefly announced, last week, the awful calamity then reported to have befallen the Steamboat Lexington, on her passage from New York to Stonington. We are pained to state that our worst fears are realized, with the only exception that the number of passengers on board the ill-fated boat was not as large as was at first supposed.

Before this time a large portion of our readers have undoubtedly read or heard the leading particulars, as far as they have been learnt, of this most heart-rending event. But for the information, of those who have not,—and as a matter of record, we now give a statement of the facts.

The Lexington left New York for Stonington, on Monday, 3 o'clock, P. M., having on board, as is now pretty satisfactorily ascertained about *eighty* passengers, and a company of officers and crew amounting to about *thirty five.*

A large quantity of cotton was placed upon her decks. At seven o'clock, when about two miles from Eaton's Neck, the fire was discovered under a tier of cotton bales, piled amidship, against the wooden box or frame which enclosed the pipe leading from the fire-room below, this boat having her boiler on her kelson, or under deck. This pipe led through the freight above, and the ignition of the cotton had become so extensive before the fire engine and hose of the boat could be put in operation, that both crew and passengers were so overwhelmed in smoke, and the natural agitation of the moment, that all efforts to subdue the fire were unavailable.

The boat was headed for the shore, as soon as the effort to extinguish the fire proved unsuccessful. She was provided with three boats—yet such was the panic which took possession of all minds, that they were hoisted out while the boat was still under headway, and immediately swamped. The engine a few minutes after gave way, leaving her utterly unmanageable. The scene which then ensued, is described as appalling.

Captain Chester Hilliard, of Norwich, a passenger on board, from whom we have gathered these few particulars, states that soon after the engine stopped, the passengers began to leave the boat on boxes, bales, &c. In company with one of the firemen, he was so fortunate as to secure a cotton bale, to which he lashed himself. He remained on this bale, the wind blowing off Long Island shore, until eleven o'clock this morning, when he was taken up by the sloop Merchant of Southport.

His companion, in the mean time, had been released by death from his sufferings. Two others were taken up by the sloop, a fireman and the pilot of the boat. Both were nearly insensible. It is surprising that any should have survived the exposure.

It was at first supposed that no other person had survived the wreck. It has, however been since ascertained that Mr David Crowly, second mate of the boat floated ashore, on Wednesday evening, on a bale of cotton, at a place near Riverhead, L. I., thirty-five miles east of where the disaster occurred, after having been thus exposed, for forty-eight hours, without coat or hat. After making his way through much snow and ice to the beach, he *walked* three quarters of a mile to a house. He was so exhausted as to be unable to tell who he was. He was badly frozen in his hands and feet, but hopes are entertained of his recovery.

The fire was seen at places along the shore, and efforts were made to give relief, but without success, owing to the state of the tide, the ice, &c.

One vessel, it is reported, might have probably saved many lives had not the master been devoid of all the common sympathies of our nature. We quote statement as given by Capt J. J Comstock.

Capt. William Tirrell, [he says] master of the sloop Improvement, was with his vessel, within four or five miles of the Lexington, at the time she commenced burning, and thinks if he had immediately repaired to her assistance, he could have saved a great number of lives. The reason he gives for not doing so is, *that he would have lost his tide over the bar* at the port to which he was bound and accordingly pursued his inhuman course, leaving upwards of 100 persons to die the worst of deaths. The circumstance of this unprecedented cruelty will hereafter be more clearly exposed, and I trust he will receive his merited deserts.

Several of our public prints have expressed in strong terms,—but by no means too strong,—their sense of the criminal negligence which was the cause of this unparalelled disaster.

Separately from the circumstance that the boat was crammed with cumbersome merchandise which necessarily obstructed the operations for extinguishing the fire, it must be sufficient to produce conviction of most criminal mismanagement, to state that the fire engine was not in order, and that there was but a *single bucket* on board.

We quote the following from the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Nearly all that will be known of the history of this disaster, is probably now told. Whatever may have been the precise, immediate causes of the conflagration, it cannot be doubted, we presume, that it was the result of the most criminal carelessness, either in the construction of certain parts of the boat, or in the stowage of the freight; and that a very little care on the part of some one intelligent and responsible superintendent,—a very little expense in providing additional guards against exposure to fire,—or a very little time spent in the more careful stowage of the cargo, would have prevented this enormous and distressing waste of human life. The information before us is not sufficient to enable us to say what was the nature of the neglect, to which this misfortune is to be attributed, or who was to blame. But some investigation will probably be made of these questions.

The Boston Courier says:—

We cannot but view the awful catastrophe of Monday night as the result of reckless indifference, if not of the grossest negligence. From all that we can learn in relation to this melancholy and distressing event, we are led to the conclusion that no *accident* occurred, which might not have been prevented, had those whose duty it was to watch over the the security and safety of the lives and property entrusted to their care, been vigilant and trust-worthy.

The Salem Gazette expresses a similar sentiment.

The grief and horror with which these tidings are received are mingled with indignation at the shameful carelessness which must have been the occasion of this catastrophe. It was not one of those visitations of Providence which are beyond man's control; but was the direct result of want of due care, foresight, and preparation.

The following, we believe is a correct list of passengers and crew, as far as ascertained.

Capt. Charles Hilliard, the only passenger known to be saved.

Of Boston, Mr. Isaac Davis; Mr. Chas. W. Woolsey; Mr. John Brown, of the firm of John Brown & Co.; Abraham Howard, firm of Howard & Merry; Mr. Thomas White, of the firm of Sands & White, No. 88, Faneuil Hall Market; Mr. Adolphus Harnden, superintendent of Harnden's express; Mr. John Everett, Jr. firm of Everett & Searle, returning from the burial of a brother who died last week in N. Y.; Mr. J. A. Leach, son of Mr Leach, of the firm of Leach & Lovejoy; capt. John G. Low, agent of the Boston underwriters; Mr. Nathaniel Hobart; Mr. H. C. Bradford, of Boston, from Kingston, Jam

Of New York, Mr. R. W. Dow, firm of Dow & Co. son of Josiah Dow, Esq; Mr. E. B. Patten; Mr. H. C. Craig, firm of Maitland, Kennedy & Co; Mr. Robert Schultz; Mr. Stephen Waterbury, firm of Mead & W.; Mr. Chas. S. Noyes, clerk to C. B. Babcock; Mr. Albert E. Harding, firm of Harding & Co.; Mr. John Hoyt, mail contractor; Patrick McKenna, No. 7, Monroe street, clerk with Donnelly & Hyatt; Mr. Chas. Bracket, clerk to N. Bracket; Mr. —— Fowler; Mrs. Russell Jarvis and two children, daughter of Thos. Cordis, Esq. of Boston; Mr. —— Ballou, or Bullard.

Of Providence, the widow of Henry A. Winslow, firm of Winslow & Co. of N. Y.; Mr. John Winslow; Mr. Wm. Winslow, do. father of the above. The three last mentioned persons, were returning to Providence, with the corps of Mr. H. A. Winslow, who died in N. York a few days since; capt. E. J. Kimball; capt. B. T. Foster. These captains had recently returned after several years absence, and were on their way to visit their families; Mr. Crowley, second mate of the Lexington; Mr Jesse Comstock, clerk of the Boat; Mr. Wm. A. Green, firm of Allen & Green.

Of Baltimore, Mr. Weston, firm of Weston & Pendexter; Mr. Royal T. Church; John W. Keirl; George W. Walker. [Our Baltimore correspondent says, "you see among the list, the names of four of our Baltimore merchants, all respectable, respected and deeply lamented]

Rev. Dr Follen, of Cambridge.
J. Porter Felt, Jr. of Salem.
Mr. Robert Bake, of Wrentham, Mass, President of Wrentham Bank.
Mr. John Corey of Foxboro', Mass.
Mr. James G. Brown, firm of Shall & Brown, New Orleans.
Mr. N. F. Dyer, of Pittsburg, formerly of Braintree.
Mr. Richard Picket of Newburyport.
Capt. Theophilus Smith, Dartmouth, Mass.
Mr. Henry J Finn, Comedian, of Newport, R. I.
Mr. John Lemist, Treasurer of the Boston Leather Co, of Roxbury, Mass.
Mr. Jonathan Linfield, Stoughton, Mass.
Mr. Philo Upton, Egremont, Mass.
Mr. Chas Lee. of Barre, Ms.
Mr. Pierce of Portland, mate of the Brontes.
Capt J. D. Carver of Plymouth, Mass., master of bark Brontes.
Alphonso Mason, Esq. of Gloucester, Mass.
Mr. Samuel Henry, firm of A. & S. Henry, Manchester, Eng.
Mr. Van Cott, of Stonington.
Charles P. Phelps, of do
Charles P. Noyes, of do.
David M'Farlane, mate of brig Clarion.
James Walker, and John Gordon, seamen of Cambridgeport, from brig Raymond.
Wm. H. Wilson, grocer, of Williamsburg, L. I. late of Worcester, Mass.
Mr. Stuyvesant, of Boston, [perhaps N. York] Capt. Mattison.

A gentleman, lady, and two children, who arrived from Philadelphia by the morning line,—names not known.

Mr. Robert Williams, of Cold Spring, N. Y.

Boat's Company —Capt. Childs, Commander; H. P. Newman, Steward; E. Thurber, 1st mate; Mr. Manchester, pilot, (saved); Job Sand, head waiter; Cortland Hemsted, Chief Engineer; Wm. Quimby, 2d do; Martin Johnson, Wheelman; R. B. Schultz, George ——, Benj. Cox, and Chas. Smith, (saved,) fireman; five colored waiters; Susan C. Hulcumb, Chambermaid, colored; Joseph Robinson, cook, colored; Oliver Howell, 2d do. do; Robert Peters, do; 8 deck hands; 1 boy, deck hand; 2 wood passers; Bar-keeper.

DR. FOLLEN.—It is with the deepest grief that we are obliged to speak of this gentleman as amongst the lost.

We give the following brief but just and affectionate tribute to his memory from the Boston Courier of Tuesday. A more extended notice of this most estimable man and exemplary and devoted Christian minister, will, we have no doubt, ere long be given.

Dr. Follen was a native of Germany, where the years of his youth and early manhood were passed. He brought to this country the most liberal and enlightened sentiments—a mind imbued with the literature alike of the ancients and moderns, and especially with that of his native land. His integrity was fearless and uncompromising; his simplicity most engaging, and he was ever actuated by the most tender and amiable feelings. To a high degree of intellectual cultivation he added the crowning graces of a christian character. He came here alone—a stranger. His death has brought sorrow to the hearts of those to whom he stood in the varied relations of husband—father—guide and friend.

After a residence of a few months in America, he, by means of that untiring industry which is characteristic of his countrymen, completely mastered the English language, writing it with the utmost purity and elegance, and speaking it with scarcely a perceptible degree of foreign accent. As his fervent prayer ascended in the house of God, it was difficult for a hearer to realize that he was listening to a foreigner. Dr. Follen once said to the writer, that during some of his first attempts, he was fearful lest he should be so absorbed by his devotional exercises as to give utterance to his thoughts in German instead of English; but it seemed as if both languages were equally at his command.

The corporation of Harvard College at once perceived the high qualifications which he possessed, and engaged his services in the department of German literature. This language, which had previously been almost wholly neglected, became immediately under his auspices what it has ever since continued to be—one of the most favorite studies pursued in that seminary. Many, very many of our young men owe to him the high satisfaction of being able to read with improvement and delight the productions of some of the most profound and the most interesting writers of modern times. And we are sure that none of his pupils have ever ceased to feel towards him a strong personal attachment. There was, indeed, something so attractive in his earnest and thoughtful mind, and his quiet and affectionate manners, that he at once won the confidence and respect of all around him—sentiments which the longest and most intimate acquaintance served but to strengthen and confirm. While connected with the University, he labored also to awaken in the students an interest in the subject of physical education. He rightly deemed that where, from neglect of exercise, there was wanting health of body, there could be no vigorous or healthful action of the mind.

But Dr. Follen felt within his soul aspirations for a higher calling. And never has the christian ministry welcomed to its ranks a more worthy associate. He seemed set apart by the purity of his character, to be a servant of the Most High. The time has come. The long cherished wish of his heart is about to be gratified. In the maturity of his moral and intellectual powers, he is about to enter upon the sacred office. A mysterious providence intervenes, and through the instrumentality of his very zeal and faithfulness, removes him forever from the scenes and duties of earth. He was needed for a holier ministry in Heaven! Never was a purer spirit recalled to the presence of its God! B.

J. Porter Felt.—we have a melancholy pleasure in quoting from the Salem Gazette the following testimony to the merits of this estimable young man.

Amongst the sufferers we can hear of but one belonging to Salem; but he was one whose loss is irreparable to a large circle of friends, and important to the whole community. Mr J. Porter Felt, Jr. was about twenty-six years old, and one of the most promising and respectable young men of his age in the city. He was of a most lovely and estimable character, with intelligence and enterprise that would have given him the highest standing in the mercantile profession, to which he was bred.

The Providence Journal makes the following reference, to two estimable young men among the number of the lost, and to their afflicted friends of that city.

Though our loss has been small in number, it has been great in suffering. William Albert Green, son of the Attorney General, and Jesse Comstock, were both young men of high promise, and both endeared to a very large circle of friends, and both bound to earth by ties even stronger than those of kindred.

The Supreme Court.—of the United States met at Washington on Monday last. There were present Chief Justice Roger B. Taney; Associate Justices Joseph Story, Smith Thompson, John McLean, Henry Baldwin, James M. Wayne, Philip P. Barbour, and John Catron.

The Previous Question.—An important amendment, says the National Intelligencer, was made to the Rules and Orders of the House of Representatives, yesterday, for which the friends of freedom of action by the Representatives of the People are greatly indebted to Mr Hoffman of New-York, and his associate on the select committee upon that subject, who proposed it to the House. It consists in this: that whereas hitherto the *Previous Question,* when decided in the affirmative, has cut off all pending *motions for amendment* as well as all debate, it is hereafter *to cut off debate only,* and to bring the House to a direct question on each pending amendment, in their parliamentary order. The House will therefore be no longer subjected, as heretofore, to the necessity of adopting or rejecting measures of consequence proposed to them without having first had an opportunity to amend, alter or add to them.

Wilkinson, the person who has been for some time confined in the Jail of this town, on a charge of kidnapping, made his escape on Sunday.—*Fredicksburgh Herald.*

The Howard Benevolent Society.—The officers of this active society, some time since, published their 28th annual report. During the year they afforded relief to several hundred persons, for which objects they expended the sum of $2427. The report states that within the last year the society lost its most munificent patron, the Hon. Theodore Lyman, who had for many years contributed a large proportion of the funds expended by the committee. Hundreds of the worthy poor, they say, have been fed, clothed, and warmed by his bounty, and unless others come forward, with liberal donations to the society, its means of affording relief will be materially lessened. It is especially at the present inclement season that the poor are most in need of relief, and those who are able to afford relief, but have not leisure or opportunity to investigate, personally, the claims and wants of the suffering, will find in the officers of this society faithful agents, to dispense their bounty.

MORTALITY IN SALEM.—By the annual bill of mortality, in Salem, it appears that the whole number of deaths, during the year ending on the 31st of December, was 182; 74 males, 108 females. The months of greatest mortality, were February and March, during each of which twenty persons died. In the month of June only three persons died.

Of the above deaths 51 were of consumption.

FREE SCHOOLS.—We understand from the Woonsocket Patriot that the proprietors of the Globe and Clinton Mills in that village, have opened schools at their own expense, for the gratuitious instruction of the children belonging to their establishments, who have been thrown out of employment by the mercantile disasters of the times. Such enlightened liberality, coming at a time when the manufacturers are laboring under almost unexampled distress, is worthy of all praise and imitation.

Geology of the North West.—The geological corps engaged in the exploration of Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinios, under the direction of Dr D. D. Owen, surveyed about 18,000 square miles, giving to every quarter section of importance particular attention. The Rock Island Banner says that the exact limits of the mineral regions have been ascertained, the position of the lead and copper in the geological series determined, and the rock formation, in which they occur identified with that of Ohio and Indiana, which is described under the head of 'cliff-rock.' A complete collection of the several varieties of ores, minerals, rocks and fossils, was made during the survey, and observations noted on the soils and timber.

ENGLAND.—London papers to Dec. 13th have been received. They contain but little news

Money affairs are said to be improving.

France.—Havre papers to Dec. 16th have been received at New York. The most interesting topics of intelligence are those relating to Algiers.

There had been two arrivals of intelligence from Algiers, since the receipt of our previous French dates; the first to Nov. 30, and the other to Dec. 7.

The letter of Marshal Valee of Nov. 30, says that the situation of the colony had undergone no important change since the departure of the former courier. Preparations were making for war on both sides.—Abd-el-Kader had summoned the population around him. There had been no battle.

A large number of persons had been arrested in Paris, charged with being implicated in an absurd conspiracy in favor of Louis Bonaparte. It has been rumored that Louis was concealed in Paris. This report seems to have been fully disproved. M Durand, editor of the Capitole, and Crony Channel, had been arrested and their papers seized, on the charge of being agents and conspirators in behalf of Louis. The letters of the Prince, thus obtained, it is said, prove that if there is a plot, it is contrary to his wishes and his orders.

PORTUGAL.—Letters from Lisbon to the 3d, announce the dismissal of the ministry of the Baron de Sabrea. The ultras ascribed this change to the machinations of English diplomacy, on the ground that the last official act of the Baron de Sabrea, was his refusal to recognize British claims on Portugal to the extent of £376,000, submitted to him by Lord Howard de Walden; alleging that England had bound herself, in the event of her recovering Ceylon from the Dutch, to give to Portugal the port of Columbo, in that island; and that, therefore, as England had become mistress of Ceylon by the treaty of Amiens, he considered the non-delivery of Columbo to Portugal, with all its revenues since 1802, as a set off against the claims of the English subjects above referred to. It was supposed that dissolution of the Cortes would take place, but the *Correio,* the demi-official organ of the Government, denies that any such intention was entertained.

Switzerland. Revolution in the Canton of Ticino.—The dissatisfaction of the people with their aristocratic rulers, which had been long stifled, has at length broken out into successful insurrection, and has caused the complete overthrow of the government. A workman having been arrested, the people immediately took arms. The troops capitulated. The fort and arsenal were surrendered. Trees of liberty have been planted in every direction.

This is the third revolution in the cantons of Switzerland within about three months. The first was at Zurich; the second, which was in the Valais, was effected without combat.

Trade with China.—We find no allusion in the papers to the rumored purpose of the British government to blockade the ports of China. Nor is there any *later* intelligence than we have had direct from Canton. Some facts, however, are stated in the following paragraph, which we have not seen elsewhere mentioned.

Massachusetts Legislature.—During the past week the Report of the Joint Committee on the election of Governor and Lieut. Governor was accepted in both branches, and Hon. Marcus Morton was declared to be elected Governor of the Commonwealth for the ensuing year. There having been no choice of Lieut. Governor, his Honor George Hull has been re-elected to that office by the two branches of the Legislature.

Governor Morton delivered the usual Message to the two Houses on Wednesday. The following gentlemen have been appointed Executive Councillors for the ensuing political year.

John R. Adan, of Boston; James H. Duncan, of Haverhill; Edmund Parker of Reading; Charles Hudson, of Westminster; Isaac C. Bates, of Northampton; William Porter, Jr. of Lee; David A. Simmons, of Roxbury; Nathaniel M. Davis, of Plymouth; Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford.

The Amiversary Discourse, at the Warren Street Chapel, will be delivered on Sunday evening, Jan. 26th, by Rev. Mr Fox, of Newburyport.

The services will commence at 6 o'clock, P. M. A collection will be taken up in aid of the Institution.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Jan. 15, Mr Edward A. Crowninshield to Miss Caroline M., daughter of Francis Welch, Esq., Mr David T. Haraden to Miss Adelaide E. Osgood, all of this city.

In this city, Mr Stephen M Green to Miss Mary Jane Cummings.

In this city, Mr Franklin F. Blood to Miss Mary Ann Needham.

1st inst, by Rev. Mr Streeter Mr Elijah S. Brigham to Miss Sarah J. Rogers both of this city.

In Grafton, Jan. 7, Mr Ira Mansfield, of Boston, to Miss Tryphosa Kimball, of G., formerly of Rindge, N. H.

DEATHS.

In this city 30th inst. Miss Sarah, widow of the late Capt. Thomas Wallace, 77.

In South Boston, on Monday evening, Mr Blake, 60.

17th inst. of consumption, Mr Loring Gardiner Cushing, 23.

In Norton, 11th inst. Mrs Harriet A, wife of Capt. Danphin King, and daughter of Ephraim Raymond, Esq. 37.

In Dedham, Calvin Whiting, Esq., 78.

In Weston, Mrs Sophronia, wife of Winthrop Ward Esq., of Boston, 47.

In Randolph, Jan. 3, John King, Esq., 59.

Died at Chickopee village, Dec. 21st Mr Alonzo Durant aged 29, son of the late Samuel Durant of Troy, N. Y.

In Cincinnati, Dec. 20, Mrs Mary R. Vose Rice, wife of William P. Rice, Esq., formerly of this city.

In New York, 9th inst. Silvester Everett, Esq., aged 26, formerly of Boston, of the house of Dewey & Everett, merchants, of New York.

RIPLEY'S SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE, Vols. 5 and 6—containing Introduction to Ethics, with a Critical Survey of Moral Systems. Translated from the French of Jouffroy, by Wm H. Channing.

Published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington Street. jan 25.

CONVERSATIONS LEXICON.—A complete copy of the last German edition of the Conversations Lexicon, containing recent literary and scientific information, not to be found in the English translation of the former edition—in 12 vols 8vo, for sale low, by JAMES MUNROE & CO. j 25

NOYES' HEBREW PROPHETS—A new translation of the Hebrew Prophets arranged in Chronological order, 3 vols. 12mo.

'We conceive that Mr Noyes has made the Christian Public much his debtor by the portion now before us, of a version of that difficult and strongly interesting part of Scripture, the Hebrew Prophecies.

These things are especially to be spoken of to his praise; his learning, his cautious and sound judgment, and his beautiful taste for the two last qualities particularly, he is very advantageously distinguished from Lowth and Newcome with whose works the present work is most likely to be compared.'—*Christian Examiner.*

Published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. jan 25

THE SKEPTIC by Mrs Follen.—New edition just published.

'The Skeptic is intended to exhibit the influence of Christian Truth and of Infidelity as they work in the fortunes of common and domestic life. Perhaps the book will have no good effect on confirmed and hardened unbelievers—there are very few things that will—but we are inclined to think that on those who are halting between belief and unbelief, who are standing on the confines of Light and Darkness, it may exert a great and saving power.'—*Christian Examiner.*

The above in very neat cloth binding, stamped, published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street.

A SILENT PARTNER WANTED.

A PERSON engaged in a safe and profitable business in Boston, would like to find a young man that is in want of business, that will furnish immediately, Five Hundred Dollars, and be willing to act as a silent partner or selling agent. His duties would be light; and perhaps he might if he chose be abroad selling the manufactured articles—or perhaps be located in a southern city part of the time. Five hundred dollars per year would be paid to such a person the first year, and more afterwards. A knowledge of the business would be worth one thousand dollars to the person.—The person that might want the above chance, will have good security given him for the five hundred he might furnish. A single man will be preferred, or one that has no children (if not single.) Inquire at this office, (post paid.) j. 25.

WEST'S MAGNIFICENT PICTURE,
'CHRIST REJECTED,'

IS NOW ON VIEW for a short time only, at *Harding's Gallery,* School street, from 10 A. M., till 5 P. M., daily. On Sunday in the evening, from 5 till 9 o'clock.

Mr West refused *ten thousand guineas for this chef d'œuvre* of his pencil, just before its completion, and he subsequently realized more than that sum by its exhibition in London alone, and his grandson has now the satisfaction of being the possessor of this sublime work. Mr West has been induced to have *Season Tickets* for the accommodation of those who wish, by repeated visits, thoroughly to appreciate all the grandeur of the design, truthfulness of the coloring, masterly drawing, and moral beauty, which it contains.

Admission 25 cents. Children half price. Season Ticket, One Dollar. Pamphlet 12 1-2 cents.

☞ The Picture has an excellent light, and the room is well warmed. 4t j11

VALUABLE WORKS ON AGRICULTURE, Gardening, &c.—For sale by *CHA'S C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN,* Importers of Foreign Books, 112 Washington street.

Low's Elements of Practical Agriculture, 8vo
Loudon's Encyclopedia of Agriculture, 8vo
do do Gardening, 1000 engravings
do do Plants 1000 eng

POETRY.

Of the following poem, by the late Thomas Pringle, a Scotchman, who lived several years on the border of the British Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and who wrote it in reference to the desert in that part of the world, Coleridge says:—'I do not hesitate to declare it among the two or three most perfect lyric poems in our language.'

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-Boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul oe'rcast,
And sick of the Present, I cling to the Past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled,
Flit over the brain, like ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory—that vanished too soon;
Day dreams—that departed ere manhood's noon,
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of early days—lost or left;
And my native land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame,
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—forgone!
And I—a lone exile remembered of none—
My high aims abandoned—my good acts undone—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man!

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption and strife—
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear—
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear—
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musings and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high—
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh! then there is freedom, and joy and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen,
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wanders at will
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown Karroo, where the fleeting cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight grey;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched Karroo.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away—away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan;
A region of emptiness, howling and drear
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone:
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
'A still small voice' comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child,)
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying—MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR!

[From the Christian Mirror.]

DIVINE LOVE.

Matthew xxvi. 39.

Mourning sinner, dost thou languish
That no hope appears for thee?
Look to Jesus—mark his anguish—
Prostrate in Gethsemane:
See the glorious Redeemer
Humbly bending on his face,
There, beneath the moon's pale glimmer,
Hear him plead sustaining grace.

Mark that agonizing spirit,
List those accents' troubled flow;
Hear that tone—O sinner, hear it—
What can rend his bosom so?
See him raise the poisoned chalice,
See him drain its contents up;
Oh! the dregs of sin and malice
Settled in that bitter cup!

Stricken sinner, Oh adore him,
Who alone hath power to save;
If thou wilt but fall before him,
Thou shalt triumph o'er the grave.
Then resolve no more to wander,
Never from his love depart;
But be diligent to ponder
All the secrets of thy heart.

When the powers of sin assail thee,
When no refuge thou canst see,
Fly to Him—He shall avail thee—
Struggling in Gethsemane.
In that trying hour he saw thee,
Moved by love which none can know;
And to purchase pardon for thee,
Freely drank the cup of wo.

Oh! what wonderful compassion
Doth the love of God display,
How unlike the changing fashion
Of the world which glides away;
Though our father should forsake us,
And our mother cease to love,
Jesus Christ will surely take us
To his blessed home above.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth lives as a poet should. Imagine the southern continuation of the Vale of Keswick for a dozen miles, its sides coming almost together in places, and here and there spreading out again to make room for a lake, with its tiny islands, and its velvet margin of lawns, lying just at the base of the shaggy-maned mountains that lift their proud heads over them all round—the sublime with the lovely at its feet, like the lion and the lamb reposing together. One of these lakes, Grasmere, is above Wordsworth's place, and Rydal is below it. * * * High up the side of one of these, on the eastern side of the lakes, Wordsworth's cottage, one-story, stone, is perched at a point from which he can look down on both the lakes. The whole mountain is sprinkled thick with foliage, and the house itself is nestled so snugly into its little niche of a hollow, and protected so well by its shrubbery and trees, that I think it is nowhere to be seen from the coach-road below, which winds up and down through the valley along the edge of the lakes.

The view is not complete even through the windows. The poet very kindly took me over the surrounding grounds, to show me here and there at the end of the dusky walks, whose construction and care have given his own hands some morning pastime, the eyrie peeps at the landscape below him which he has thus skilfully managed to gain. It is evident he takes great pleasure in them. The glorious and beautiful nature which is spread before him is no neglected bounty. It is a continual feast to him. He pointed out to me what he enjoyed in the various views as he passed on through the winding alleys, he leading the way with his grey frock and his old Quaker-rimmed white hat on, and talking, as he walked, of lawns and lakes, and hills, and dells, and cottages, and curling smokes;—it was really like another 'excursion.' Much of the verdure, he said, now clothing the mountain-sides, continues vivid during the winter. We were crossing a small spot of his own, which he keeps merely to look at its soft silky, cheerful greenness, and he asked me if I did not notice the loveliness of the English lawns. He thought there was no such thing elsewhere, and said there was even a moral beauty in them, and that they were civilizing and soothing to the soul. He then explained why the English had the monopoly of them, alluding to the island moisture, &c. He shears his own little green, once a fortnight, but says it should be once a week. Next below his own premises on the hill-side, he showed me a snuggery which is the home of his Clerk. Here again he discovered both his Englishism—for he is a thorough old-fashioned Church-and-State-loving, radical-abhorring Englishman—in his poetry—and his heart. He admired the rural taste and the contented spirit of his clerk. Small means were his, but see how he made the most of them while he still lived within them: The little yard of rocky mountain-side, which *he* had given him off his own, was covered with every variety of beautiful English plants. The rocks themselves bloomed with lichens and mosses; and the fences and the little swinging wicket had their share; and the door-way and windows of the small, snug cottage in the corner, under the trees, which finished the feast of the picture, were wreathed over with matted masses of vines. Was'nt that Paradise, he asked? And was'nt it *English?* He had just been five months on the Continent, and he did not know where else to find such rural science and taste in a sphere so humble; and such comfort, and contentment, and intelligence withal; for this same Clerk of his seems to be something of a scholar too. He gardens and reads Greek at intervals, and ponders the green leaves and the dry ones in his lawn and his library just as he feels the vein. I had a glimpse of him, with a hat on like his master's, scratching his green over to keep it as clean as a carpet. I asked my kind guide how long he had been with him—this rakish philosopher. It was twenty-four years.

'When I first entered the Poet's dwelling, I found him, with his wife and daughter (he has two sons also,) and two English country guests in his small library room. The rest of the coterie were busy at work over a table, while he sat in a corner, with a green blind over his eyes. This he did not remove. It seems he suffers much in this way. He told me his wife did most of his writing for him, and he had scarcely written his own poems for years—* * * It is partly owing to his eyes that Mr Wordsworth has the look of a man of seventy-five years old, when he is in fact but sixty-six. His thinness, and his large sharp features, enhance the impression, as well as his grey hair strewed over a finely-formed head, which is half bald: * * * He conversed freely, and spoke of the many Americans who had 'done him the honor' to call on him, including several Bostonians. He said he should like to visit us, but could not hazard the transition of the climate. Of the copyright question he thought much, though he did not sign the late memorial, because he thought it the wrong mode. * * * Whatever his opinion of republicanism may be, he avoided, of course, any offensive comparisons, while he still discovered in every sentiment a genuine partiality for his own country, which I could not but admire. One of his guests asked me if I did not notice the beauties of English aristocracy? (I had just paid some nobleman the just compliment of having entertained me kindly;) and I saw that the poet hid himself behind his screen from the little amicable skirmish of explanation which ensued about the 'beauties.' When I observed that our national training ever since the settlements had been totally different from the English, and that whatever 'contest' might arise about 'modes of government,' there was at all events no arguing from the one country to the other; to this he assented. He asked me how much of the continent I had seen, and when I said that I thought Great Britian the first country for me to see next to my own, he seemed to take it in good part, and added that certainly there was no country on earth which contained so much for an American to know as England. This was an English sentiment, but I liked its patriotism, and it is a just one too. On the whole, Wordsworth's conversation is a great treat in its way. It is richly original and bold, and yet judicious; a racy mixture of the poet and philosopher, and without the affectation of either.—*The American in England.*

MUSK.—Of all odors the most intolerable to those who do not use it is musk. Many persons are inconvenienced by it to such a degree that they could not stay for five minutes in a room containing the minutest quantity of it. It is also the odor which adheres the longest. A coat upon which musk has been thrown will smell of it at the end of two years, though it have been during the whole time exposed to the open air; but in apartments it will endure almost forever. The late Empress Josephine was very fond of perfumes, and, above all, the musk. Her dressing room at Malmaison was filled with it, in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Twenty-five years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmaison, M. Hagerman, has had the walls of the dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, aquafortis, nor paint has been able to remove the smell of the good Empress's musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

[From 'A Jerseyman in the Old Dominion,' in the last No. of the Southern Literary Messenger.)

A few minutes ride south from Alexandria brought us into Virginia. After some few miles on the Fredericksburg road, we turned off to the left into a byway to visit Mount Vernon. Some fraction of an hour, perhaps more than this, was passed in reaching an old gateway opening upon the road, which first gave us notice of our vicinity to Washington's seat. Two dilapidated cabins stood at its sides, which originally were probably intended as porter's lodges, but were now sadly out of repair, and appeared to be tenanted by the ordinary negroes of the plantation. We opened the gate, and entered upon a narrow road winding through a wild, untrimmed, unbroken wood. It is not a difficult task for any one of ordinary sensibility to fill with interesting thought and feeling, the minutes occupied in threading that winding avenue in the romantic woods of Mount Vernon. By this path, doubtless Washington, after bidding adieu to the quiet and endearments and pleasures of home, passed out, when he went to fight his country's battles, to take part in her councils and to execute her laws. And, when worn out by the toils of war and crowned with the laurels of victory—when wearied with debate, or oppressed with the duties of office, or but just released from place and power, laden with the blessings of a grateful people, this was his path to honorable repose. However there was but little necessity for dulling the edge of impatience by dwelling on such associations as these; a short ride brought us within sight of the old family residence.

I will not undertake a regular and minute description of the place, as this perhaps would be trite and burdensome, but will merely note such matters as interested us most. After tying our horses in front of a low range of cabins occupied by the gardener and other of the negroes, we entered under the guidance of the wife of the former, a lawn fronting the dwelling. This is an old fashioned frame building, which now would be thought very plain and simple in its architecture, but which in olden time was considered a house for anie laird, I ween. South of the lawn and house were a number of small buildings, whose several destinations were detailed by our negro guide. The fish-house, salt-house, bath-house, carriage house, &c., I remember among the list she enumerated; a list which sufficiently evidenced that the father of his country stood prepared to make such provision for those of his daughter's children who might choose to visit him, as would render such a visit any thing but an act of self-denied devotion to their grandfather. All the out-door arrangements, however, are exceedingly plain, and, in some instances, even exhibit traces of the pinched frugality of the olden time. The bath-house is really a *bijou* of simplicity. Diogenes could scarcely have found fault with it; a mere beehive shed boarded in, a little hen-coop of a place, which stands in striking contrast with the airy *lavacra* of a younger date. And yet this humble box, (if indeed it be of no more recent construction than I am led to suppose,) often sheltered one who has no fellow now. Doubtless he often left it in the legacy of the dust and smoke and other circumstances of honorable war.

Before entering the dwelling, we went with the negro woman who had undertaken to act as our guide, to visit the tomb. The vault where the remains of the Washington family now lie, is within a small square inclosure, surrounded by a high brick wall. The entrance to this enclosure is by an iron gate fronting and parallel to the door of the vault. On the ground, in the open air, on one side of the short path connecting this door with the outer gate, lies the sarcophagus of Washington, and corresponding to it in situation on the other side, that of Mrs Washington. In order to afford them some protection from the weather, they are both now covered round with rough board work. Hence all that we saw of the sarcophagi, as we looked through the bars of the gate, was a small part of the white marble appearing through the opening between the boards. This is of course only a temporary arrangement. Small brick arches, meeting the vault on each side of the door and open in front, are to be thrown over each coffin, so that the action of the weather may be guarded against, and yet they may be exposed to view in front.

It will doubtless be remembered that the sarcophagus, which contains the remains of Washington, was presented by Mr Struthers, a Philadelphia marble cutter. The lid is a slab of fine marble, ornamented with a most exquisitely sculptured device in relief on its surface, executed by an artist in Mr Struthers' employ. The reader will perhaps recollect too a legend, doubtless the offspring of some creative imagination, which went the rounds of the public prints, detailing certain strange circumstances connected with the removal of the body. It was said that Mr Struthers, when the old covering was taken from the coffin containing the remains, was permitted to unscrew the lid of this inmost receptacle and to look upon the dead. The body, we were told, was in perfect preservation, the face, untouched by corruption or decay, was lighted up with a benignant smile, as if, unagitated by any pang or uneasiness of death, the soul had but a moment since plumed it for its distant flight and the body but just settled to its long repose. This was no doubt a delicious morsel for the lovers of romance and sentiment, and, indeed, would be interesting to any one, if it possessed the interest of truth. But unfortunately here it is most essentially deficient. The coffin was opened in presence of a number of the members of the Washington family, and probably by their direction. An old family servant, who was allowed to be with them, assured me that the body was completely decayed. The hair and dust had fallen from the head, exposing the naked skull. It was a singular story; perhaps the figment of a mind revolting at the idea, that a frame, which courage had led to so many battle-fields and crowned after so many victories, which wisdom had seated in supremacy over the councils of a nation of freemen, and wreathed with the laurels of civic honor, should be forced to bow to the vulgar doom and dismembering tyranny of death. But the worm acknowledges no forbidden prey; decay knows no distinctions, the patriot and the traitor are alike her children.

Akin to this is the disposition, that has been evidenced in another part of the union, in the conduct of the people toward a distinguished foreigner, Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, resident at Bordentown, New Jersey, who, an exile from his country, has taken refuge in ours. His generosity and amenity of disposition have made him the friend of every one, that can appreciate worth and nobility of character. Wealth and taste enabled him to erect in the neighborhood of a pleasant village a fine country seat, and to render the grounds around inviting and ornamental. These he threw open to the visits of all who might care to see them. In return for the favor, the vandal spirit of his adopted countrymen has been abundantly manifested in defacing and injuring whatever could be reached with the knife, or the pencil. During his temporary absences, the fine statues and other ornaments of his walks and lawns, were so battered and spoiled, that he was obliged to take them within doors out of the reach of his worthy guests. At a late visit to his place, I saw a door of an observatory, one of the few things left at a *convenient distance from the house*, that afforded a proper color and surface for the pencil, completely bespattered with names, low ribaldry, tap-room jests, and (*O mores*) *mockery at fallen greatness.* So much for the honor, decency and most glorious liberty of the noblest nation that the sun in his circuit smiles upon!

But, perhaps, the reader would be quite as well satisfied, were we to drop the censor and attend to our more legitimate duty. A few rods from the place where the family remains are now deposited, is the old vault. Its site was selected by General Washington himself; at his death he was buried within it, and it remained his grave until his body was removed by Mr Struthers to its present resting-place. This old tomb is situated in a grove of fine trees, a short distance from the house. It is an exceedingly simple, even a rude piece of architecture, consisting merely of a small excavation in the earth, built around with stone and covered with a mound, in which several small trees are rooted. The entrance is by a door in the side. The whole structure is a monumeut of republican simplicity, and is calculated to affect the visiter with a strong desire that it might remain proof against the ravages of time, that future generations, advanced still further in refinement and luxury than we, might see how distinct splendor is from worth—how narrow and rude a bed greatness could spread for its long repose. But alas! its very simplicity will make it but a short lived monument. The hand of time, unrepelled by the care and attention of the living, is even now upon it, sapping the supports of the mound, mouldering the wall and filling the empty cell. A future day will not know the place made sacred by the choice and burial of Washington.

But before leaving the tomb of Washington, which, with all its associations, ought to render every American, who visits it, at least temporarily, a nobleman in thought and feeling, we might notice a mark, that has been left at this sacred spot, of one of those mean and contemptible traits with which the American character is we fear justly stigmatized—the distorted and deformed, though perhaps legitimate offspring, of our valued liberty. The outer gate was locked, as of course is proper and necessary, where, in order to gratify the wishes of visiters, the coffin is so exposed. Behind the inclosure, however, rails had been fixed, reaching from a bank to the lower part of the wall. Some one, betraying his disregard of the feelings of the living and his want of reverence for the dead, had by these assistances attempted an *escalade*, in order to attain by this piece of reckless coarseness a nearer approach to the hallowed tomb, and an opportunity of more familiar scrutiny of the sacred resting-place of the dead. I hope I am guilty of no want of patriotic feeling, when I say that the spirit of which this act is a result, is one eminently, if not peculiarly American; one too that in a country, whence the boast has gone abroad that all who live under its laws are noblemen, ought to be scorned by private feeling and frowned down by public opinion. This disposition inquisitively to pry into what is not intended for the eye of strangers; wantonly to set at nought all rules of decency in going and gazing, where those, who have the right to resent the impertinence, will, it is known, be pained by it without being present, or feeling disposed to confront the intruder, is unworthy of the other noble traits of the American character.

THE SWORD OF BRUCE.—The sword which King Robert Bruce wielded at Bannockburn has, with his helmet, survived the entire family. Mrs. Catharine Bruce, the last of the royal house, died in 1791, at a very advanced age; only a short time before her death Burns called upon her, and, though she was almost speechless from paralysis, she entertained him nobly and conferred the honor of knighthood on him with the Bruce's two-handed sword, saying she had a better right to grant the title than 'some people.' After dinner the first toast she gave was 'Awa', uncos!' that is, away with the strangers, which showed her Jacobite feelings to the house of Hanover. The old lady bequeathed the sword and helmet to the Earl of Elgin, whom she considered the next of kin.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

We paid a visit the other day to the spot, where probably before an hundred years are past, a population larger than that of New York at present, will lie in their long repose. The grounds are fitted for this purpose beyond any wish to alter them. They include the highest point on Long Island, from which you look down upon Brooklyn as quite beneath you. The whole area of land includes two hundred acres; part of it cleared but most of it covered with a vigorous growth of shrubs and trees, and including all the varieties of the region. The land is cut by ravines, rises in ridges and sinks in dells, with pools of water at the bottom. One of these is a lake of pure water forty feet deep, covering the space of four acres perhaps, and surrounded by a dense forrest, making together one of the most beautiful scenes to be found any where. Four miles of carriage way have been already made, and it is expected that three times this distance more will be necessary. Nearly one half of the whole surface will be occupied by roads, paths, lakes, and public squares. The enterprise has been undertaken by some of our public spirited citizens, with no motive of private speculation, and the trust is so formed that private gain is impossible. The lands have been purchased at about $600 per acre, and the whole proceeds of sales, after paying the purchase money, are to be apropriated to adorning the ground, under the direction of the proprietors of lots, who constitute the Corporation. It will afford an almost boundless field for sculpture and architecture suited to the place, as well as the cultivation of shrubs and flowers in endless varieties. The legislature of the State and Corporation of Brooklyn have passed all the laws and ordinances in reference to title, perpetual quiet, and all other matters, which could be desired. The superintendence of laying out the grounds is with Maj. Douglass, who is eminently qualified for the task. The general plan will resemble Mount Auburn near Boston, but the greater extent of ground and if possible greater fitness of formation will be likely to render Greenwood one day a spot of interest surpassing Mount Auburn.—*J. of Com.*

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☞The public are cautioned against the many Quacks who promise what they cannot perform ☜

Having worn the different kinds of Trusses, more or less, that have been offered to the public for the twenty years past, from different patent manufactories, he is now able to decide, after examining the different cases that occur, and he has on hand as good Trusses, and will furnish any kind of Trusses as cheap, as can be had elsewhere. Any person that purchases a Truss at this establishment, if it does not suit, can exchange until they are well suited without extra charge.

J. F. F. manufactures as many as twenty different kinds similar to those that the late Mr JOHN BEATH, of this city formerly made, together with the Patent Elastic Spring Truss, with spring pads; Trusses without steel springs (these give relief in all cases of rupture, and in a large portion produce a perfect cure—they can be worn day and night; Improved Hinge and Pivot Truss; Umbilical Spring Trusses made in four different ways; Trusses with Ball and Socket joints; Trusses for Prolapsus Ani by wearing which, persons troubled with a decant of the rectum, can ride on horseback with perfect ease and safety. Mr F. also makes Trusses for Prolapsus Uteri, which have answered in cases where pessaries have failed. Suspensory Trusses, Knee Caps, and Back Boards are always kept on hand. As a matter of convenience, and not of speculation, the undersigned will keep on hand the following kinds from other manufactories, which they can have; if his do not suit them after a fair trial, they can exchange for any of them: Dr Hulls; Read's Spiral Truss; Rundell's do; Farr's do; Salmon's Ball and Socket; Sherman's Patent; French do; Marsh's Improved Truss; Bateman's do; Shaker's Rocking Trusses; Heintzleman's India Rubber Pad, made in Philadelphia; Ivory turned Pad Trusses; Stone's do, double and single; also Trusses for children, of all sizes.

The Subscriber makes and keeps on hand, Steeled shoes for deformed and crooked feet, and is doing this every week for children, and infants in this city, and from out of the city. Specimens of his workmanship may be seen at the manufactory. He likewise informs individuals, he will not make their complaints known to any one, except when it is permitted to refer to them—it being a misfortune, and young persons do not want their cases known.

All kinds of Trusses repaired at short notice, and made as good as when new.

Ladies wishing for any of the instruments will be waited upon by Mrs. Foster at their houses or at the above place.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER.

Boston 1840.

CERTIFICATE FROM DR. WARREN.

Boston, Jan. 8th, 1835.

Having had occasion to observe that some persons afflicted with Hernia have suffered much from the want of a skilful workman in accommodating Trusses to the peculiarities of their cases, I have taken pains to inform myself of the competency of Mr. J. F. Foster to supply the deficiency occasioned by the death of Mr. Beath. After some months observation of his work, I am satisfied that Mr Foster is well acquainted with the manufacture of these instruments, and ingenious in accommodating them to the variety of cases which occur. I feel myself therefore called on to reccommend him to my professional brethren and to the public as a person well fitted to supply their wants in regard to these important articles.

jan. 4. JOHN C. WARREN.

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